THE BLUE OWL

MARCH 1954

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THE BLUE QUILL

MARCH 1954

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QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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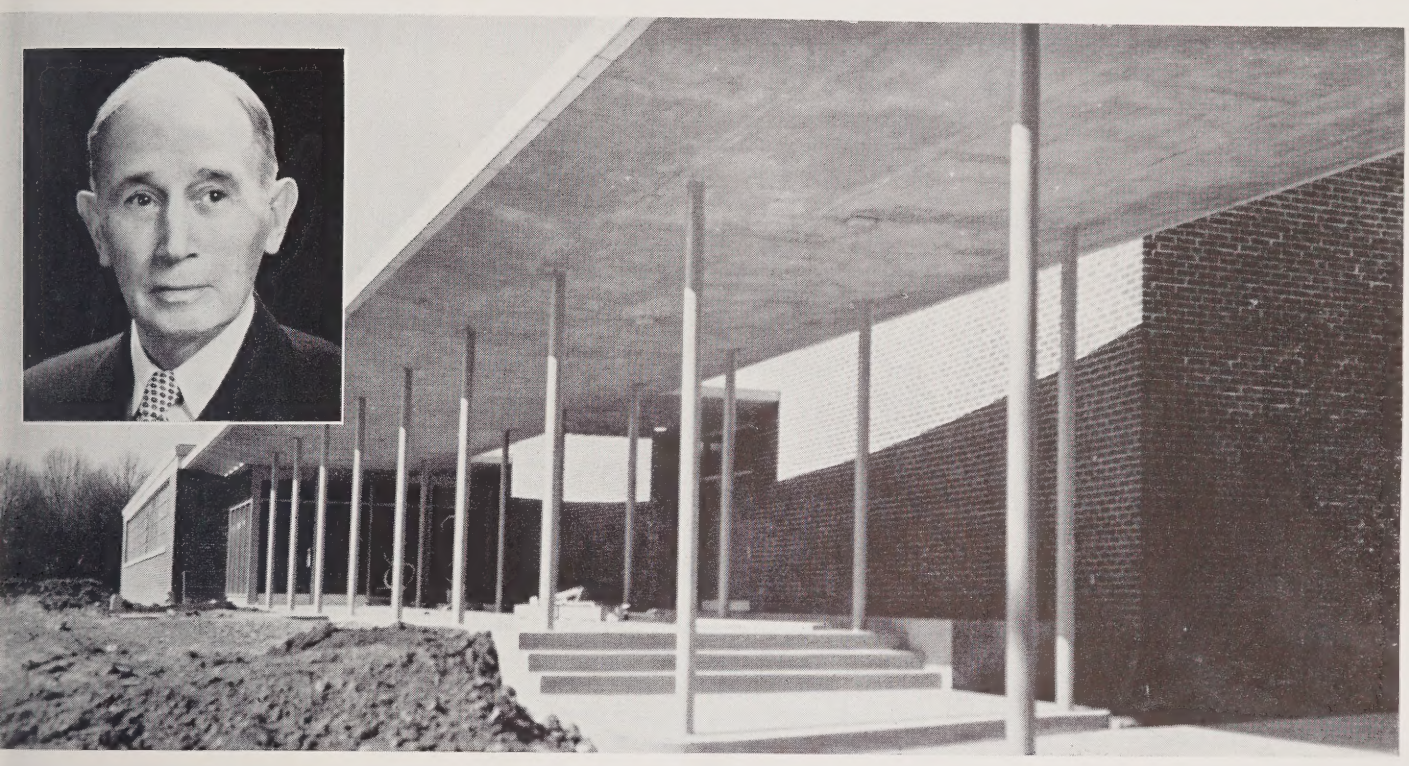
OVENS PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING TO BE DEDICATED



OVENS PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING

The newest addition to the Queens College campus, the avid Ovens Physical Education Building, will be dedicated special ceremonies on Sunday, March 7, at 3:00 P.M., announced by H. H. Everett, acting president of the llege.

The building was made possible by an undesignated 250,000 gift to Queens College by David Ovens, long a ember of the board of trustees. It has been said of Mr. vens: "He is well known for his interest in the cultural, ligious, educational, and civic life in Charlotte; and he has ven generously to education in this section of the Caro- nas."

Mr. Ovens will be guest of honor and will participate in e dedication ceremonies of the new building. Mr. Everett ill preside; and the invocation will be given by Dr. Herbert Carson, Chairman of the Division of Bible and Religion. r. James A. Jones, pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian hurch, will offer the dedicatory prayer. The ceremony ill be closed with the benediction by Dr. Lawrence I. ell, minister of Trinity Presbyterian Church.

Music for the program will be furnished by the Queens ollege Choir under the direction of John A. Holliday, hairman of the Division of Fine Arts. After the dedication e building will be opened formally for inspection by the uests attending the event. Members of the council of the ecreation Association will conduct tours of the building.

The edifice, housed in an exterior of red brick in contem- orary design, faces Wellesley Avenue, diagonally across the campus from Burwell Hall. It is situated on the opposite side of the campus from the new Mary Irwin Belk residence hall. This new physical education building contains a large gymnasium, a small gymnasium, the student swimming pool, two classrooms, three departmental offices, an entrance lobby, a room for corrective exercises, adequate lockers, and shower rooms for both men and women.

The large gymnasium which is one hundred feet by eighty feet has basketball, badminton, and volleyball courts. Available also will be sound equipment adequate for sports events, college dances, and special programs. The smaller gymnasium will be used primarily for the social, folk, and modern dancing classes.

The entrance lobby has modern furnishings, both upholstered and wrought-iron pieces. One wall is panelled in pine; one, in brick; and the remaining two are plate glass. The floor of the lobby is gray slate in a random pattern.

The offices are equipped with gray steel furnishings, and the classroom equipment is of natural birch trimmed in walnut. The architect is J. N. Pease and Company, and the contractor is McDevitt and Street.

The student pool was financed by the Queens Undergraduate Order of the Pool (QUOOP) instigated in the form of the "bucket brigade" during the Christmas holidays of 1952. The dedication of the pool will take place in the future, but a definite date has not been set for this ceremony.

—M. B.

New Residence Hall Dedicated

The dedication ceremonies of the Mary Irwin Belk residence hall were held on January 8, 1954, at 12:00 noon. H. H. Everett, acting president of Queens College, presided. He introduced Irwin Belk, who, in turn, presented the keys to the building to Dr. James A. Jones, pastor of the Myers Park Presbyterian Church and member of the college's board of trustees.

Mrs. Belk, who graduated from Queens in 1901, made a brief talk before which she invited members of her class to come forward and share her honor.

Miss Peggy Phillips, a Queens senior, sang a solo, "Bless This House," accompanied by Miss Anita Dixon. The program was closed with the benediction by Dr. C. G. McClure, pastor of Caldwell Memorial Presbyterian Church, of which Mrs. Belk is a member.

The Belk children gave Queens $120,000 toward the construction of the building, which is the first in a quadrangle of dormitories to be built. The new dormitory, which accommodates ninety-five upperclassmen, has forty-five bedrooms painted in pastel shades of yellow, blue, green, and peach. A special feature of the spacious lounge is the new television set which was purchased by the girls themselves.

Before the dedication ceremonies coffee was served in the Stultz Building; and students of the college conducted guests on a tour of the new residence hall.

—M. B.

Plans For Summer School Announced

Plans for the 1954 summer session of Queens College have been released by David Pugh, director. The first six-weeks term will extend from June 7 through July 16, followed by a second term ending August 6. Science classes will run for eight weeks.

The summer session calendar provides for six full weeks with classes meeting five days a week. Lecture classes will meet in the morning, five days each week, with the exception of the two courses in business which will be offered at night. All laboratory classes will meet in the afternoon, five days each week. This summer two courses in business will be offered at night and will be taught by Dr. Boner and Mr. Anderson. Greek will also be taught during the summer session by Mr. Olechovsky. These are two changes which have been made this year.

All courses will be on the undergraduate level and will carry full academic credit. The courses offered during the session are designed for both teachers and college students, men and women, who wish to earn academic credit. A student must meet the admission requirements in order to enroll for such credit, but provision for auditing courses in all departments will be made for students who do not desire college credit.

Courses will be offered in Bible, biology, business administration, chemistry, economics, education, English, geography, history, journalism, mathematics, music, applied music, Spanish, and psychology.

The professors who will teach during the summer session are as follows: Miss Taylor, Miss Nooe, Mr. Anderson, Dr. Boner, Mr. Norman, Dr. McEwen, Dr. Wetzler, Miss Phaup, Mrs. Steadman, Miss Mitchell, Dr. Chewning, Mrs. Pugh, Miss Tillett, Dr. Pickens, Dr. Green, Miss Miscally, Miss Eleanor Jenkins, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. Holliday, Miss Schickedantz, Mr. Berg, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Sipe, and Mr. Olechovsky.

The expenses for the summer session are as follows:

Registration fee for all students	$ 5.00
Tuition per semester hour of credit	12.00
Laboratory fee for science courses per semester course	5.00

Since Queens College has no housing or boarding facilities for students during the summer, it will be necessary for all students to live off the campus. The college maintains a listing of available living quarters. All other college facilities, including the library and the laboratories, will be open to summer-school students.

The summer session will be under the direction of David B. Pugh, director of Queens Evening College and Summer Session. Application blanks and other information can be obtained by writing to the Summer Session, Queens College.

—E. T.

HOSPITALITY WEEKEND HELD

February 19, 20, and 21 were th dates set for Queens winter Hospitali Weekend. Over eight hundred letters invitation were sent out to high scho juniors and seniors in eight differe states. The girls who will be boardi students arrived in time for dinner Friday night. They were met by a r ception committee and their stude hostesses.

The day students arrived on Saturd morning in time for a special convoc tion service at 8:15. Then each of th visitors visited three classes of h choice. The day students were invited eat the noon meal in the dining roo After lunch there was a tour of th campus, and the girls were shown slid of the college. The remainder of th afternoon was left free for the girls get acquainted with each other and wi Charlotte. After a buffet supper th evening, there was informal entertai ment in Burwell Hall, followed by movie party.

Sunday morning, the girls attend the church of their choice, and th weekend officially closed with dinn

—B. Mc

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MR. STOREY . . .

His Story

Mr. Storey

Although he may be driving madly round back-campus circle or dashing cross Diana Court to a committee meeting, Mr. Storey always has time for a student in need. Because of his willingness to help students, Mr. Storey has assumed the role of a "father away from home" for many students in a year when Queens girls have no President on campus to whom to turn in times of distress.

Mr. Storey always wants to know what he can do for *you*. He is surely the busiest business manager a college ever had—not just because of his official duties but because he is vitally interested in the total welfare of the college and of each student as well. Because Queens College is both his vocation and his avocation, Mr. Storey can often be found in his office from very early in the morning until very late at night. Sometimes it is thought that he does not even get home because he eats breakfast in the dining hall so often. But he would do almost anything for Queens and for any student.

Mr. Storey is an educator, and as an educator he believes in the principles of Christian education. "It is the duty of educators to fit people with the tools that will enable them to live happily." Mr. Storey believes that everyone has the right to a certain amount of education—in this country he believes it is a necessity in order to fight the great enemies of our society—Communism, depression, delinquency, and crime. But although everyone is not able to earn a bachelor's degree, Mr. Storey thinks everyone who wants the chance certainly ought to be given that chance. Mr. Storey believes, however, that with the privilege of an education there come great responsibilities.

According to Mr. Storey, Queens offers three important types of training —a general training in language, literature, the social and natural sciences, and religion; a type of specialized training which makes earning a living possible; and a training which can be used in normal living and will continue to grow after college.

The future of every young woman is uncertain, Mr. Storey thinks. She must be prepared to earn a living as well as to build a home. The most important jobs for every woman, Mr. Storey believes, are homemaking and motherhood. When a young married woman needs to work, though, Mr. Storey thinks that her job must be in as close a connection with her home as possible and it must also be one which can be dropped and returned to easily. "Something in the fields of the arts, literature or journalism, or teaching is the best bet," says Mr. Storey. "For a Queens graduate to get a teacher's certificate doesn't take much more trouble than just to get a degree. But her training will come in handy not only in earning a living but in teaching her own children also."

When Mr. Storey first came to Queens in September, 1950, there was no department of business administration—only a department of secretarial administration. But in 1952 Mr. Storey set up the business department, which is now as good as the business department in any other small college. In that same year, 1952, Mr. Storey became the business manager of the college; and in September, 1953, he was elected treasurer of the college.

Mr. Storey was born just across the river in Gastonia, North Carolina, October 12, 1921, the only boy in a family of girls. His mother had great influence in his life. She gave him her philosophy of life and her belief in the absolute existence of God. She also taught him to reverence the Bible. Still today he believes in the greatness of that book. "It is the only place to find the answers," he says.

After Mr. Storey graduated from Gastonia High School, he went to the University of Richmond, Virginia. The army, then, took care of him from December, 1941 until December, 1945. Then in 1945 he went to the University of Arkansas and graduated with a B.S. in Business Administration in 1949. During his days there he organized a student store which was a great success. In 1950 he earned a Master's degree in economics.

A family man, Mr. Storey happily brings home the bacon to Jan, his pride and joy, their two sons, David and Richard, and the dog Blackie. He is an ardent bridge player, collects stamps, and enjoys reading Bennet Cerf. Trinity Presbyterian Church sees him every Sunday morning as teacher of the men's class.

At one time Mr. Storey thought he might be a symphony conductor. While he was in high school, he played the cornet in a little band he had organized. Pipe organs fascinate him. Once he tried to build one, and he still aspires to see and hear the largest pipe organ in the world, the one in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Storey still loves classical music and gets a great deal of enjoyment from it. It seems, though, that he never learned to dance!

Perhaps Mr. Storey's greatest personal satisfaction comes from his job. He believes that Queens has a great future. "My Purpose is to build the dreams of Dr. Jernigan," he says. This goes in regard to both business matters and student matters. Part of his concern over the business part of his job shows in one of his favorite quotations from Ben Franklin, "Small expenses, like little leaks, can sink a big ship."

Mr. Storey loves life and he enjoys living, but he can still be serious. "Understanding people is most important in life," he says. Judging others without knowing the facts is one thing he hates. He does not believe in worrying. He says, "After all, it doesn't do any good." But he must do some worrying, or he would not be getting so many gray hairs.

Sometime in the afternoon or after his evening college class Mr. Storey will probably be found in the Y Store reading his favorite fairy tale, "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut," to some student or more often than not just talking over a coke.

Mr. Storey has two particular things he would like to say to the student body in general. "There are not enough informal bull sessions on campus. Stu-

(Continued on page 13)

Queens History Nears Completion

"Ancestor worship is not a bad thing," maintains Miss Harrell, who is now in the process of completing a history of Queens College for its centennial celebration in 1957. She hopes to submit the manuscript to the Chapel Hill Press at the University of North Carolina the latter part of this spring, and, if accepted, the publication should be available for purchase within a year.

The book deals with the development of Queens from its beginning until the present and tells of its stages as Charlotte Female Institute, Presbyterian Female College, and Queens-Chicora; it includes pictures and charters of these institutions. Although her most intensive work and her actual writing have been done in the last three years, Miss Harrell has been collecting material for the history for thirty years. The information has come from numerous sources: North Carolina histories, college catalogues, personal albums and letters, minutes of trustee and faculty meetings, and legal deeds and records. One "miraculous stroke of luck" reached her in the form of a gift to Queens of an annotated surveyor's drawing.

Every chapter of the history has been read and re-read by those who personally know the situation presented; and the entire text will be taken soon to Dr. Chalmers Davidson, librarian at Davidson College, for criticism.

The job, says Miss Harrell, has been a struggle, meaning "endless hours and loss of sleep. You have to want to do it worse than aything else in the world."

—A. W.

STUDENT RECITALS PRESENTED

The first of the series of student recitals which the Queen College Department of Music presents each year was piano concerto recital given on January 12 by the pupil of Mrs. Elsie Moseley. This recital consisted of performance by six girls, who played parts of piano concertos with second piano furnishing the orchestral accompaniment.

Julia Mitchell and Nancy Duncan played from Bee thoven's concertos in C Minor and C Major respectively Margaret Wright, from Mozart's C Minor Concerto; Nanc Duncan, from Shumann's A Minor Concerto; Peggy Brice from Grieg's A Minor Concerto; and Jean Miller, fron Arris Fuleikan's Concerto No. 1. Miss Eagle, Mrs. Moseley and Mr. Morrison furnished the accompaniment.

In the following weeks a series of Monday night recital were presented at 8:30 P.M. and included the pupils o Mrs. Moseley and Mr. Berg. These began on February 1 The first of these recitals consisted of Margaret Wright- pianist, and Worth Spearman and Caroline LeGette—voca ists. On February 22 Jean Miller gave piano selections, an Mildred Reid sang. March the first was another night o music with Julia Mitchell at the piano after which Pegg Phillips sang. Finally, on March 8 Elaine Tucker, Virgini Lee Epes, Peggy Brice, and Nancy Duncan will each giv several piano selections; and Mary McLaney and Elain Sipe will sing.

—V. L. E.

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Scientist To Lecture

"What of tomorrow?" This question is often heard on the lips of young and old alike. With scientists passing around such phrases as *nuclear fission* and *atomic power* and with pictures of gigantic mushrooming clouds appearing in newspapers and on newsreel screens, it is no wonder we are asking, "What of tomorrow?"

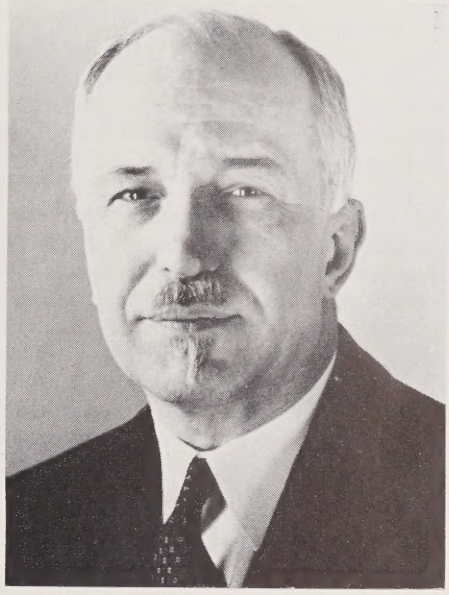
In our effort to help answer the question, the lecture series committee, headed by Mr. John Holliday, has invited a foremost spokesman for science, Dr. Gerald Wendt, to speak to the student body on March 12.

Dr. Wendt is one of America's greatest repeat lecturers. Year after year he is recalled by America's leading audiences to bring them abreast of the latest newsworthy developments in science and to make his forecast of things to come. His authoritative statements make front page headlines and editorials.

Dr. Wendt is not only a lecturer but also an author, columnist, and an editorial writer. His book, *The Atomic Age Opens,* the first on the subject, sold 500,000 copies when it appeared ten days after Hiroshima. His *Atomic Energy and the Hydrogen Bomb* is the most authoritative book on the subject. As past science editor of *Time,* consultant for *Life,* and *Fortune,* and editorial director of *Science Illustrated,* Dr. Wendt's editorials and articles have achieved lasting fame.

Dr. Wendt was appointed to his present position as Director of Public Education in Science for the United Nations Education, Scientific, and Cultural Organization in January of 1952. He is the first American to hold this position. As Director of UNESCO's world-wide program, Dr. Wendt has charge of disseminating information of the latest scientific developments all over the world and stimulating interest in science education and research. His activities also include the editing and publication of books, pamphlets and magazine articles in the field of science in many languages. To keep himself abreast of these mainfold responsibilities and the development of scientific interest, Dr. Wendt is constantly traveling to scientific conventions and meetings all over the world.

Dr. Wendt is among the first and foremost men in the field of atomic study. He is the first American to have attempted to disintegrate the atom in the early 1920's. He is one of the first radium and radio-activity experts in the



Dr. Gerald Wendt

United States Bureau of Mines. Even in his student days he won the Bowdoin Prize for Literature with his essay "The Nature of the Atom." His researches on hydrogen, in petroleum, and in foods all pioneered in new fields.

As a scientist himself, Dr. Wendt is held in high esteem by leaders in all fields of science. This gives him access to laboratories and information not available to others. Like a correspondent who goes into a foreign field and returns to tell what he has found, Dr. Wendt translates the technical data he gathers on the frontiers of science into plain English for laymen.

"The birthplace of the future is in the research laboratories of America," Dr. Wendt says. From his intimate knowledge of research progress through personal interviews with top scientists and researchers, Dr. Wendt can foretell the exciting developments and their effect on us, our homes, our habits of life, and our business conditions.

"Science is the most powerful of all forces acting on mankind today," says Dr. Wendt. "It governs our future. Scientists have been saying this for years, but the atom bomb has finally convinced all the world of this truth. Every intelligent person wants to know what science is doing to us and what we are going to do about it."

His rare combination of complete authority, sparkling delivery, and delightfully witty platform personality captivates audiences throughout the nation. His rare appraisal of the world's future brings an uplifting message of hope based upon complete knowledge of his subject.

Dr. Wendt brings to the public his broad experiences in almost every phase of science. During World War I, he was a captain in the chemical and warfare service of the United States Army. He later served as director of scientific research for the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and was the first director of Battelle Memorial Institute for Industrial Research.

An outstanding scientist and educator himself before entering the field of science interpretation, Dr. Wendt has a most distingushed record. Born in Davenport, Iowa, just before the turn of the century, he was educated in the Iowa public schools and at Harvard University. He holds B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Harvard. His first teaching post was Rice Institute. He then went to the University of Chicago for four years, giving up his position as associate professor of chemistry to become assistant director of research for the Standard Oil Company. There followed a two-year period as Dean of the School of Physics and Chemistry at Pennsylvania State College. Then came various other industrial posts until his appointment to the science editorship of *Time* and later to the Director of Public Education in Science for UNESCO.

Library Receives New Books

Many new books have been presented to the library in the past few weeks. Dr. Pickens gave a six volume set of *Clark's Holy Bible with Commentaries* in memory of Dr. Jernigan. Two volumes on music were added to the library by the acting president H. H. Everett, in memory of Ivy Rankin. Miss Harrell contributed two volumes to the Inglis Fletcher collection in memory of Mrs. Nooe, the mother of Miss Sara Nooe, professor of biology.

Two volumes of the letters of Poe were given to the library by Dr. James Southall Wilson, a visiting professor at Davidson this year. Also the remaining amount in the Peppler fund was spent for the addition of several volumes, mostly in the classics, to the library. The Peppler fund was given by the late Dr. Peppler, the close friend of Dr. Jernigan, and in the memory of Charles Douglas and Edith Peppler.

Japan Visited By Queens Professor

It is interesting to learn about the travels of the faculty members of Queens. Dr. J. Russel Boner, one of the business administration professors, lived in Japan. In Tokyo he worked as a civilian employee for the army from 1946 to 1951. His wife and son also went to Japan. His son graduated from the Tokyo American School there and entered Yale in 1948. However, he returned to Japan each summer that the Boners were there. He is now a second lieutenant in the Air Force and has been in Kosen, Korea, since last November.

The Boners became very fond of the ordinary Japanese people. They especially liked their two maids, Hisako and Shumikeo. These two Japanese girls were at first deferential and shy but they became saucy and full of fun. Hisako was a rather husky girl; and the Boners were quite surprised when they saw her sister, Shigeso, who was very pretty and delicate. Mrs. Boner became well acquainted with some Japanese girls by working with an English club at Otsuma, a high school for girls in Tokyo. She knew very little Japanese, but the girls became proficient in speaking English. Some of the girls still write to Mrs. Boner, and one of them is now attending Reed College in Portland, Oregon. Dr. Boner was impressed by the English of his interpreter. He was the son of the Japanese ambassador to Spain, and he spoke excellent English although he had never been in an English-speaking country.

While the Boners were in the Far East, they traveled a great deal. They made a trip to China, visiting Peiping, Hankow, Nanking, and Shanghai. They also traveled around Japan. Wherever they went in Japan, they were entertained by the people who loved to give them Japanese meals. The chief aim of the Japanese in preparing food is to make it look attractive. However, since they do most of their cooking over charcoal, the dishes that are prepared first become cold while the last ones are heated. Often the Boners did not know what they were eating. This was probably good sometimes, because the Japanese are fond of such things as baby octopus, sea weed, and raw fish. Dr. Boner finally learned to eat raw fish, but his wife never did.

Dr. Boner took a great many color pictures of the Japanese people, their work, and their customs. He had over three thousand color slides at one time, but he has given many of them away. He has weeded them out and only uses about two hundred of them to show people now. He showed some of his slides at a recent meeting of the International Relations Club. The first group dealt with the commercial and agricultural side of Japanese life. The slides show how the rice fields are prepared for planting the rice by a long process of churning the earth in the fields into a thick mud and then forming it into rows. Next they show the rice in various stages of development until it is ready to be thrashed by one of the rather crude devices that the Japanese use. The Japanese also grow many other plants, some of which are strange to us. One delicacy which they like is strawberries. These are grown on hillsides on the warm Pacific coast and become very large with proper handling.

One of the big industries of Japan is fishing. Fishing is usually done in groups, either as a communal village project, or by a commercial organization. The color slides picture various types of fishing. Sometimes a net that is so big that it takes almost a whole village to drag it in is used. The slides also show the markets where fish and other things are sold. Everything imaginable finds its way to these markets.

The other group of color slides shows the religious customs of the Japanese. Nearly all Japanese are Shintoists. Shintoism is a way of life with a great reverence for ancestors. It is the foundation of the Japanese family system. Shinto shrines are found on the top of hills. Priests take care of the shrine and keep the ancient religious costumes which are used for festivals. Some of these costumes are hundreds of years old. At festivals the people wear them and often carry a portable shrine through the streets. Buddhism is the religion of the majority of the Japanese. Buddhism imposes a code of moral attitudes on the daily living of the Japanese. Most Japanese are both Buddhists and Shintoists. They are buried as Buddhists. Often a Buddhist shrine will be found right next to a Shinto shrine. Buddhism is more somber than Shintoism and the Buddhists do not have the gay festivals that the Shintoists do.

Another group of Dr. Boner's slides which are particularly eye-catching are those showing Fujiyama. Often the top of the mountain cannot be seen; but some times it shows through the clouds capped with snow.

—S. B.

Quill Establishes Award In Memory Of Dr. Jernigan

A journalistic award, established by the staff of *The Blue Quill*, will be presented for the first time on Awards Day. Any staff member of *The Blue Quill* is eligible to receive this award. It will be presented yearly to recognize outstanding work of any type—creative contributions, editorials, art, make-up, advertising, circulation, or news articles. The recipient will be selected by the staff and the advisers.

This award will be in the form of a walnut plaque with brass plates on which the winner's name will be written. The award, named the Charlton C. Jernigan Journalistic Award in memory of the late president, will be placed in the college library. The recipient of the award this year will be announced in the next issue of *The Blue Quill*.

—A. K. B.

PRACTICAL LECTURES GIVEN

Mrs. Sarah West arranged for her first and second year shorthand classes to be shown correct personal appearances when applying for positions in business. Three specialists in their particular fields were engaged to visit Queens in February.

Mrs. Ray Small from Eckerd's Drug Store demonstrated the proper cosmetics to be used for different skin coloring. Miss Lucy Moose from Montaldo's showed correct fashions to be worn which are within the working girl's budget. Mr. John Thompson from Belk's told of certain hair styles which should be worn with certain features and shapes of the face.

—G. D.

QUEENS CONDUCTS SURVEY

Some time ago the Synod of North arolina decided to make a survey of l the Presbyterian schools and colleges the state, the purpose of which is to etermine the value of the church-re-ted schools. A commission of the ynod with Dr. Warner L. Hall, pastor Covenant Presbyterian Church, harlotte, as chairman began to look into ie problem of such a survey. This com-ittee soon discovered that it would be ecessary to obtain sufficient funds and ple men to conduct the survey.

The Ford Foundation granted $50,000 ward the project, and an Advisory ouncil was selected. The members of e council include outstanding educa-nal leaders from all over the country: ean Francis C. Rosecrance, New York niversity, who was elected chairman; r. Sarah G. Blanding, president of assar College; Dr. John D. Millett, esident of Miami University; Dr. homas A. Spragens, president of Ste-ens College; and Dr. John O. Gross, irector of Higher Education for the ethodist Church.

The commission also chose two men conduct the survey itself. Dr. Roger McCutcheon, Dean of the Graduate School of Tulane University, is the director; and Dr. Donald C. Agnew, his assistant. Dr. McCutcheon and Dr. Agnew took up residence in Raleigh, N. C., on February 1 of this year and are using Raleigh as their headquarters. From there they will visit each of the Presbyterian schools in the state.

Dr. McCutcheon, at a recent meeting of the commission and the Advisory Council, gave an outline of the procedure of study which has been planned. Questions which were raised at the meeting are quoted in the *Presbyterian News*, December, 1953. They are (1) Is the church institution distinctive in what it is doing intellectually and spiritually? and (2) Is the church justified in financing separate institutions, in view of the fact that the state is both ready and able to take over all education?

In November Dr. McCutcheon was introduced to the presidents of Synod's institutions or to their representatives at a meeting in the Covenant Church. Mr. J. W. Thomson, assistant to the president, was the representative from Queens. At this meeting the plan of the survey was again presented.

(Continued on page 13)

Professor Receives Appointment

Mr. Earl F. Berg, associate professor of music, was recently appointed to the Commission of Music of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States. The purpose of this commission is to promote greater interest and study in music and art in the Protestant Church. Dr. Thor Johnson, conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, heads the commission.

(Continued on page 13)

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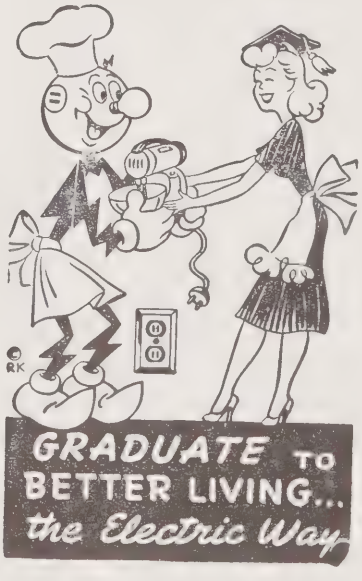

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As We See It

Queens Most Important Week

This week is probably the most important one of the school year at Queens College, for it is the time when students recognize by election their leaders for the coming year. Sometimes, however, those elected are not necessarily the ones who are capable of holding student government positions. Student elections at a college as small as Queens are often influenced by the faction in power or by agreements made between two groups. Many times even the capabilities of those running for an office are of less value than their promises to appoint certain ones to desired positions.

The student body should consider for election those students who have previously proved their abilities to assume responsibilities and who have worked hard in various organizations to make life at Queens more meaningful. The students who have worked beyond the call of duty by proving their dependability should be those who are elected to various positions. Being elected to an office not only recognizes one's leadership, but also recognizes by appreciation the work she has already completed.

The most important quality to be considered about a candidate for a student government office is the loyalty of that candidate to the many projects which the college sponsors. The student who accepts a campus position should place Queens and its general welfare first at all times. Such a student would not refrain from opposing the views of anyone if the welfare of the college was at stake. The conscientious student officer will not begrudge any time spent in making a better Queens; such a student would not be influenced by the opinions of a few but by the vote of a majority. There are many such capable students who can be elected this week at Queens. Through sound judgment and sensible voting by the student body, those students can be recognized as leaders for 1955. —D-J. S.

Panegyricum Ad Reginam

The thing that makes the Queens campus different from other campuses is the college atmosphere—not the college atmosphere as we think of it from the standpoint of a group of buildings in which classes are held, but the atmosphere which is created by the many personalities who meet the student after the class bell has rung. Regardless of other complaints, Queens students can always point with pride to the fact that they are a part of a big family whose members have everyone's interest at heart. The most valuable and influential part of the Queens family is the faculty and staff members who take a genuine, heart-felt interest in the students.

Queens students are fortunate to have a faculty which is willing to shoulder some of the burdens of the students or to give sound advice when it is needed. It is on a rare college campus that a student can enter the college dean's or business manager's office to talk over personal problems or can take a break from study by an informal chat in the Den with a professor. Our professors are always glad to have us visit them in their offices whether to discuss the faults of the last test or to talk over the movie we saw last night. When we are sad, our faculty friends cheer us; when we are proud of accomplishment, they congratulate us; when we are disappointed, they console us; when we work hard, they praise us.

Because the members of the faculty and staff have become a part of our lives by their personal interest in us, those of us who are nearing graduation feel sad on leaving Queens. We realize that the personal contacts we've had with the faculty will be worth more to us in our future life than the facts we've learned in the classroom. We hope that the students who follow us will take advantage of the opportunity to know the faculty and staff after class hours, for in this way only will the Queens atmosphere continue to be that for which we praise it. —D-J. S.

Our Last Criticism

After reading publications from other college campuses we wonder if our own publications are assuming their rightful place of importance on Queens campus. We are almost led to believe that the student body accepts publications as second-rate organizations on the campus in comparison with other organizations. Our magazine and annual are being taken for granted; few students realize the opportunities available to them through their publications.

Our publications are the concrete expressions of the thought and feeling of the student body. The editorial page expresses not only praise but also criticism of conditions on campus which demand correction. Because of the publicity angle our publications are the only means of the student expressing their opinions in print. Publications are the only student organizations at Queens which send out publicity to the Board of Trustees, to other colleges, to business men in Charlotte, and to prospective students. If allowed to assume their rightful position on campus, they would become one of the most powerful factors in making Queens what it should be.

The fault of the weak position of publications on campus lies with the publications themselves as well as with the students and faculty, and administration of Queens. The heads of the publications are not considered important positions in student government; yet such people require more technical training than do any others connected with student organizations. The work of publications is never ending, for they require as much summer time and holiday work as they do during the school term. They stay in constant contact with the various officials of the administration and serve as "go betweens" between the students and those who set the policies of the school. If the students of Queens realize the rightful position of publications and seize the advantages offered by publications, they will have an opportunity to let their voice be a mighty factor in making Queens what they dream it to be. —D-J. S.

A Reprint

(There have been many requests for a reprinting of Dr. Jernigan's last message to the student body in July, 1953. The staff members of the *Blue Quill* feel, also, that its message is possibly more pertinent to our campus situation now than it was when it was originally sent to the students. That the students may again recall Dr. Jernigan's informal nature which endeared him to Queens, we carry the entire letter with no abridgment.)

It hasn't been too rough lying here in the hospital for a month . . . among other things, it has given me an opportunity to think a lot about Queens and to look at the college from a distance. I like what I've seen—the virtues, the faults. I believe that all of us—students, faculty, and staff—are working in the right direction.

First let me thank all of you who have expressed friendship and concern with your cards and letters. I developed a very slight heart condition, slipped secretly into the hospital for a rest, and have been touched by the way many of you sent expressions of friendship as soon as you learned of it. The Queens' grape-vine is a marvelous thing. My recovery has been so excellent that the doctor is permitting me to return home tomorrow. A few weeks of leisure and I shall be in perfect condition to start school with you in September.

But I want to tell you a little bit about some of the sweeping improvements you will see on your return to the campus. North, South, and Morrison are being redecorated and repainted throughout. Burwell you will not recognize. The jaded Davidsonian will find renewed interest in life amid the (ahem!) beauties of Queens. You will lead him to higher and loftier levels of thought as you talk to him in the pastel loveliness of North Parlor.

The Infirmary is completely redecorated. Mrs. Henderson, Charlotte decorator and one of our graduates, has made the attractive plans. Local alumnae *and* their husbands are doing the actual painting. The Charlotte and Winston-Salem Alumnae (bless 'em!) are underwriting the costs of this part of the work.

The David Ovens Gym and the Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall grow apace. The cement walls of our swimming pool have been poured. Remember? The Day Students' Lounge will have a rug. We've several new professors you'll enjoy coming to know.

This next is important. We are anticipating one of the most promising freshman classes ever. Collectively they show the high quality of personality and brains which Queens likes to attract. Furthermore, we anticipate the largest enrollment in our history—*but*—we can still accommodate about twenty or thirty additional boarding students. True to the Queens spirit, I am looking to you students to help me complete the enrollment. *You* know the best of this year's graduates in your high school. I suggest that you and you and you get busy and work a little for your alma mater. Tell your college to friends in your community. Get them to write the registrar for application papers. Let's pull together, as always, to build a mighty force for good at Queens College.

Cordially,
Charlton C. Jernigan
President

Analysis Of An Institution

Segregation—an institution embedded in our Southern culture—has been threatened by appeals to the Supreme Court of our nation. The problem is a very great one and deserves careful, deliberate thought. The final solution rests not with the decision that the Supreme Court will make this spring, but with the young people of America.

There are two general attitudes or approaches toward segregation. First, the problem may be approached from the Christian standpoint. All men are equal in the eyes of God; therefore, it is wrong to have segregation of any kind. Moreover, the Constitution of the United States is against discrimination such as segregation. Second, there is the traditional standpoint. Segregation is a part of our heritage. For the Supreme Court to rule it illegal would upset the economic, social, and educational standards of the South.

There is, however, a *third* attitude toward segregation that is not so extreme as the other two. Very simply put it is *social betterment*. Social betterment is not a sudden change in what has for generations been the accepted code; nor does it cling rigidly to the code. Social betterment is the answer to the segregation problem given by educators, psychologists, preachers, and other educated persons of both races. It is certainly a slow process, but it must be slow in order to be sure. Negroes have bettered their own facilities for higher education. Every year more and more Negroes are graduating with college degrees. They are returning to their communities where they are working earnestly for social betterment.

—M. B.

Summa Cum Laude

Mr. H. H. Everett has worked hard and succeeded well as acting president of Queens College. And though his job has not been an easy one, he has always had a smile for the students.

We know that Mr. Everett has devoted to Queens long hours that formerly had been spent in his private business. We know, too, that he had to give up civic positions in order to have time for Queens. He has done this because of his love for our college. In turn Queens and her student body offer their love and highest praise to Mr. H. H. Everett.

—B. C.

Al Goodman
CHARLOTTE
fine shoes

A HOP AHEAD WITH HECTOR

Yes, that's me on the cover—bowing my way out of the Queens picture.

I saw some seniors in their caps and gowns last week and my whiskers twitched and I got a lump in my throat because I realized I would be hopping out in May, too. I'll get my diploma (if I pass practice carrot-raising). It'll seem good to get that B.A. (Bunny Ability) in snooping. I don't know what I'll do next year—maybe the F.B.I. will need me. I would really be good for them since I'm invisible—everybody can see through me. Of course, I could do newspaper work. Just look at the big scoops I've heard and written about at Queens. You know that editor (Fran Macpherson) let me start my column, and last year I liked it so well that I decided to continue writing it.

I'm glad I was at Queens during its two most important years. Rabbits, as well as people, like to recall events so I decided to review events by taking excerpts from my articles. After reading them, I realized how much Queens had progressed in two years. Do you remember the first time I wrote an article? It read like this:

"My name's Hector, and I live in Morrison Dormitory with Margaret. My father came back with her after Christmas holidays, and he liked living at Queens so well that he moved his whole family up here spring holidays." (May, 19[illegible])

Then there was the day I hid in Dr. Jernigan's office and overheard some good scoops. "Then Dr. Jernigan told Miss Albright about a friend who may help Queens by getting us a launderette which could be installed in the basement of Carson. He also showed her the completed plans for the Soda shop. There are going to be three more booths! He wants new baths with rubber tiles and new fixtures throughout!" (May, 1952)

One day I overhead Dr. Jernigan talking in the Den in July. "The Doc flipped down to the Den, meeting Miss Mitchell on the steps. Told her that the swimming pool for the health center may have to wait a while. Down in the Den, Dr. J. curled behind a red table, discovered Miss Miscally on the other side, and began discussing with her plans for having Queens jackets made. Reckon they have my size?" (October, 1952)

When I was living in North, I learned a lot of things from the girls: "I've heard some good suggestions from some gab sessions held in North. Someone suggests that a good idea would be to cut off the halls with French doors at the lounge, move the telephone to the lounge, and provide a desk and have wallcards. This could be kept by scholarship students to eliminate all the trouble of going to Burwell for everything. Sounds good to me! Another student had a plan of having 'stop' days each year when the president could declare a day of rest after crucial periods during the school year. It would be nice to sleep the day after quarter tests are over, wouldn't it? Someone else complained that the Dean's List here is too high. Many schools require a B average or not less than three B's and two A's." (December, 1952)

'Way back in the spring of '53, I had a good time talking about the QUOOP escapades. I'm working in the gym this semester. Isn't it a dream come true? Remember those pool experiences? "During Christmas holidays I had a bodacious time getting money for the pool. I got a ride in one bucket which went into Mr. Ovens' house by mistake. I got a peep at the little man, and I can see why Queens girls adore him. My suite mate carried her bucket to see Herman Talmadge, but he wasn't at home. During the pool campaign Dr. Jernigan got some interesting notes from girls. I sneaked a look at his desk one day and found a letter from South Carolina. This is how it read:

There were two 'Quoops' from Queens
Who went out seeking means,
They worked all day,
But got no pay,
So now they are frantic, it seems!" (March, 1953)

In May of last year I slipped into co-ordinating council and overheard an earful about future plans. I remember writing about it. "Among these were plans for new courses, plans for stop days, plans for the Bucket Brigade, plans for the Brazilian student, plans for the coronation trip, plans for the new dorm, plans for Hay Court, plans for the Hut—in fact, plans is all I've heard. There may be more entertainment on campus next year, such as sox hops and game tournaments. Freshmen are going to get more help, too. House councils may be stronger, and messy rooms may be a boarding student council problem! Panhell study halls may run on a different system next year with rules and penalties!" (May, 1953)

Last summer was a trying time, and it'll take its scars a long time to heal. Remember what I wrote about the students' morale. Well, they didn't let me down. "I'm right proud of the students here. The shock of July 22 was enough to knock anybody in the dust for good, but 'these kids' that the prexy loved so much are carrying on. I slipped in to see him at the hospital in the huge arrangement of red carnations the student body sent him. He told a doctor how proud he was of the college. He spoke of Mrs. Flintom's garden committee which is beautifying the campus, of the enthusiasm of the alumnae in Charlotte and the South, and of the renovation and redecoration which were taking place. I didn't hear any plans for the future, with the exception of new pianos for the music department and possibly a new rug for the day student building. My ears hung pretty low the last week in July until I heard Miss Miscally tell Mr Storey that the students and faculty were determined to accomplish his dreams for Queens. I bet they'll do it, too—once they 'get on the ball'." (October, 1953)

In the last issue I was glorying in Belk dorm. I hear we may get another like it in a year or two. "Have you been in the new dorm? I got a ride over last week on Mrs. West's books, and that's really a show-place. I went to sleep on the lounge rug, but Miss Henderson's getting on to the girls about toothbrushes and soap woke me up. I like the classrooms in the basement of Belk, also." (December, 1953)

Thus is my final page filled up and my last hop taken. I've had a time keeping my ears from being caught in the typewriter and keeping people from finding out who I am. But they'll never know because I'm invisible and only with that attribute could I become what I am.

And though I'm only a hare
For snooping I have a flare,
But this is my last.
I now join the past.
Who I am you really shouldn't care!

"30"

How To Succeed In College

Mary McLaney

Many essays have been written on the subject of how to succeed in the wide, wide world; and surely there is some need of compositions on the subject. But college students are not often interested in the wide, wide world. What they want is some good, sound advice on how to succeed in college.

The first standard by which one must measure himself is that of appearance. Of course, every college student realizes the value of neatness and good grooming, but does he ever think of the value of his facial expression? A raised eyebrow, a smile, a slight widening of the eyes, or a nod of the head can convey more to a professor than a thousand extra pages of parallel reading. A student must appear to be enthralled with the professor's lectures, too, pay strict attention to them, and take notes constantly. An air of alert awareness is always noted and appreciated by any professor, even though the student may only be struggling to stay awake.

But a facial expression of interest is not the only way to achieve success. A student must also prove his seriousness to become a scholar. Studying and acquiring knowledge must be his only purpose in coming to college. He must not think of developing his leadership abilities, his social poise, or his capacity for deep friendship. Never must a student be seen in the college soda shop for any other reason than to get his mail or buy some needed article. Never, never, must he be seen in a dorm parlor or in the day student building simply talking to his friends. Studying must be a passion with him. Every free period must be spent in the library, searching after knowledge. Every evening, Monday through Saturday, from seven to ten, must find him cramming his mind with facts. Of course, he must be sure that some one of his professors sees him in his diligent pursuit.

A student must remember, however, that professors are human. So it is always good policy to play up to those professors who can do him the most good. In the long run, a student wants to succeed in his major, and his major professor may have the power, upon whim, perhaps to keep him from earning his degree. This policy has at times come under such appellations as "apple-polishing" or "buttering-up," but it is a perfectly legitimate college practice. And, indeed, who does not like a well-polished apple or a hot buttered biscuit?

As has been said before, professors are human, and as human beings they particularly hate to be disagreed with or contradicted. If a student finds a class in which his thoughts are constantly at odds with his professor's ideas, never, upon pain of failure, must he express his heresy. In fact, it is much, much better for him not even to think at all but merely to sit in class and absorb the teacher's stream of pure knowledge like a sponge and then squeeze himself dry over his examination papers. A student is inevitably bound to pass a course of this kind with an excellent mark and be commended by his teacher; whereas, if he injects any idea of his own or allows his mind to be stirred into original thinking by the problem presented or the beauty of the subject studied, he is inviting failure and condemnation. After all, college is not a place to learn to think; it is a place to learn the facts alone, that is, if a student really wants to succeed.

So then, if a student really wants to succeed in college, he must look interested, study all the time, play up to his professors, and never think at all. If a student follows this advice, he will surely graduate with honors.

QUEENS CONDUCTS SURVEY

(Continued from page 9)

The senior colleges in North Carolina which are to be inspected are Davidson, Flora Macdonald, Montreat, and Queens. The junior colleges include Lees-McRae, Mitchell, Peace, and Presbyterian Junior College. Queens will be visited on February 8 by Dr. McCutcheon and Dr. Agnew.

In the meantime a committee of the faculty has been set up to study and evaluate the program in this college. The committee, headed by Miss Laura Tillett, has been divided into five parts: (1) Plant and equipment, Dr. L. I. Nichols; (2) faculty and staff, Dr. Mildred McEwen; (3) curriculum, Miss Mary Lee Taylor; (4) students and activities, Mr. John A. Holliday; and (5) public, which is divided into alumnae, headed by Miss Tillett, and the general public, headed by Dr. J. R. Boner. The committee is holding weekly meetings, at which time questionnaires which have been sent out in these various departments, are evaluated and compared. In May the committee will submit its final report to Dr. McCutcheon.

When they have compiled all of the information which they have gathered from the survey, Dr. McCutcheon and Dr. Agnew will turn it over to the Advisory Council for final appraisal. The survey should be completed some time next fall.

—B. McG.

PROFESSOR RECEIVES APPOINTMENT

(Continued from page 9)

Mr. Berg received his music degree from Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota. Afterwards he studied five years and sang professionally. His teachers were Helen Steels and Mrs. William Neidlinger.

In 1941 he became choral director and voice teacher at Davidson College. During his time at Davidson he took a leave of absence to complete his degree in sabbatical music. He kept the position at Davidson until he came to Queens in 1951. He is also director of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church in Charlotte.

—G. D.

MR. STOREY

(Continued from page 5)

dents don't get together and discuss the problems and questions of our day as they should. Neither," he says, with a twinkle in his eyes, "do they have enough fun!"

"Everybody at Queens," he says, "is a teacher. Even when we don't realize it, we are learning from each other. If ever one student who graduates from here when faced with a problem remembers something I have said, I'll be happy."

—Mary McLaney

BROWSING . . .

CONFLICT

Paton, Alan: *Too Late The Phalarope,* Scribner's Sons, New York: 1953. 276 pp. $3.50.

Too Late The Phalarope is the story of a young Afrikaner, Pieter van Vlaanderen, whose overwhelming need for human love in its physical expression proves his undoing; for in violating his country's laws against miscegenation he brings to his whole proud family ruin and destruction. The title refers to the long delayed efforts of the father to give the son the love he needs, and it is therefore the relationship of these two central characters which forms the basis of the plot.

The two men—one a nationally known Rugby player and a beloved police lieutenant, and the other, the father, an impressive Boer patriarch—are men of equal passions. The passion in the son is the need for physical love; the passion in the father is obedience to God's will. Through the eyes of the maiden aunt of the young sinner, the author's choice of narrator, we see father and son in scenes which are direct and convincing. On the other hand, because of the choice of narrator, the passages between the son and the two women who are the occasion for his sin—his wife, a simple country girl, and the Negro girl with whom he breaks the law—are less satisfactory. The narrative device is, however, a good one; for the style is appropriate to a woman deprived by disfigurement of a normal life. The reader may regard the anticipations of the climax as annoying but can excuse them on the grounds that they are a means to hold his attention.

Too Late The Phalarope pictures a society in which the lives of the people are full of sin and suffering. In this setting we see a man who is noble and admirable, a man who is devoted to his parents and family, but who in his search for adequate love violates his country's law and is unable to refrain from repeating his sin. We see a wife too honest with herself to fake an attempt to satisfy the needs of her husband; we see a father too proud to help his son even before his sin is discovered; and we see an aunt who seems to know intuitively that because of the mental and physical insecurity of her nephew even she will be destroyed. And in the background we see hints of another society, represented by the women wearing slacks and smoking cigarettes, a society where nothing matters.

The author writes about people who feel that their restraints are just, for the men and women whom Paton portrays have a clear understanding of their own character and of the racial law; they know that, when the two conflict, everyone is involved. The fall of the hero may be taken as a symbol of doom that awaits the land unless it becomes racially one nation; by this implication only is the novel a political one. *Too Late The Phalarope* is unique in plot and style, and in both plot and style the author exhibits the traits of a liberal artist.

—Barbara Edwards

QUEENS PLAYERS SPRING PRODUCTION

Ernest was everything and nothing. Two lovely girls were in love with him—yet he did not even exist. Ernest is the most important character in this play, but it takes a surprising denouement to resolve entirely the story of *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Who is Ernest? Where did he come from? What is his background? Does he actually exist? These are the questions answered in the denouement of *The Importance of Being Earnest.*

The Importance of Being Earnest (1895) is a farce by Oscar Wilde. An amusing social comedy, it sparkles with characters and witty dialogue. The plot builds swiftly, reaches a climax, and is swiftly resolved. Undoubtedly one of the most important features of the play is its characters. Lady Bracknell is an overbearing woman who tries to dominate the lives of her daughter, Gwendoline Fairfax, and her nephew, Algernon Moncrieff. Gwendoline is a sophisticated young lady from the city. She meets her equal in the unsophisticated Cecily Cardew, a lovely girl, who has been brought up on the country estate of Mr. Jack. Miss Prism, her guardian, and the Reverend Dr. Chausible supply the romantic interest among the elderly characters in the play.

The Importance of Being Earnest is to be the major spring production of *The Queens Players.* Opening night will be March 17, and the play will run through March 19. Crayton Rowe, Jr., assistant in Queens speech department, will direct the play. Florence Pearson is the assistant director. The cast includes Dick Burton as John Worthing; Crayton Rowe as Algernon Moncrieff; Libby Gunn as Lady Bracknell; Barbara Watkins, Gwendoline Fairfax; GiGi Epps, Miss Prism; Melinda Brown, Cecily Cardew; and Charles Armstrong and Frank Sustar as the butlers, Lane and Merriman.

—Florence Pearson

ANOTHER MR. CHIPS

Hilton, James: *Time and Time Again,* Atlantic Monthly Press Book, New York: 1953. 306 pp. $3.75.

One of the warmest and most charming stories to come out of the current group of fiction books is the new novel of James Hilton's, *Time and Time Again.* It is a story intimately related to our times, as new as 1953 and yet as old as a man's love for his family or his work. Mr. Hilton has again shown delicacy and skill in weaving the past and present into a living tale of a very human and lovable person.

Charles Anderson is the hero of the story—"Stuffy" his friends call him. His real self hidden behind a facade of polished manners, wit, elegant clothes, and the taste of a connoisseur, he is the perfect picture of the English diplomat; or as his own son remarks, he looks like Ronald Colman. But Charles Anderson considers himself a mild failure, a man who has never and will never make any sort of mark in the world. In background he is like innumerable Englishmen—son of a landed gentleman, graduate of Cambridge, married to a neighbor and father of one son, and secretary in the British Foreign Office; but he never seems quite to make it, even though his father had earned a knighthood, even though he himself had won a first in the Tripos examinations at Cambridge and a Courtenay prize for his thesis, even though he had married Jane Coppermill and had been making progress in the diplomatic service. Still there was Lily, the object of his first love affair, broken up by his father; there was Jane's death in the *blitz;* there was his feeling of strangeness toward Gerald, his son; there was the fact that he was only second in command of the delegation to a very unimportant conference in Paris. All these added up in Charles' mind to a run-of-the-mill life, if not an

ctual failure. What Charles did not know was that already he possessed the ove, respect and admiration of his son, is friends, and his colleagues, a solid osition in the service, and that soon he vas to win fame, success, and the opportunity to rebuild his family.

In portraying Charles Anderson, Mr. Hilton has drawn a man who is at once verage and extraordinary. He combines eatures of Mr. Chips and the hero of Random Harvest into the character of Charles Anderson; but he still makes Charles Anderson an individual, unique nd memorable. This same fact is true f the other characters, too. Sir Havelock, Lily, Jane, Anne, Mr. Mansfield, Gerald, Palan—all are individuals, all re unique, but each is reminiscent of omeone else met through Mr. Hilton's tories.

Time and Time Again is not a book o be placed in the class of inspirational terature, but it is one of the most heartning stories to be published recently. ts encouragement lies in the fact that shows an average individual living a fe of mixed happiness and despair, ood times and bad, success and failure, n a changing and chaotic world—living, njoying life, and finding life still orth living.

—Mary McLaney

RATIONALISM AND ROMANTICISM

Maurois, Andre: *Lelia: The Life of George Sand,* translated by Gerard Hopkins, Harper & Brothers, New York: 953. 482 pp. $3.00.

"To set her genius in a bright light" the avowed purpose of Andre Maurois' ew biography *Lelia: The Life of George Sand.* In his preface Maurois ates that too often Sand has been writen about in terms of "condemnation and ony." Thus he, having great respect nd admiration for her genius, presents he story of her life in a new and truer ght.

"The story of George Sand is that of woman who by birth belonged to the orderline between two social classes, nd by education to a small world in hich the rationalism of the eighteenth entury rubbed shoulders with the roanticism of the nineteenth." This is Maurois' opening sentence. "Rationalm and romanticism . . ." these words pify the whole existence of George and. Often they led her to a confused ay of achieving her ultimate goals in life. Yet she was always sincere. In her first marriage she set out to be the best posible of all wives and was for almost six years. Bu Sand was an idealist. After a short time disillusioned with marriage, she decided to leave her home and family for a "free" life in Paris. In Paris she was caught up in a literary circle, began her long career in writing, and acquired the name of George Sand. During this stormy period Sand made many wrong decisions, but she always faced them with firm conviction and without fear.

Her old age is characterized as very peaceful. She retired to Nohant, the home of her childhood, where she surrounded herself with such illustrious friends as Gustave Flaubert, Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas the younger, Theophile Gautier, and many others. She had always had an insatiable desire to "mother" others, and her "family" at Nohant satisfied her desire. Moreover, until only a few days before her death she maintained an active schedule of outdoor exercise and writing.

In a rich, fluent style Maurois has written a moving biography. Aurore Dupin, the rejected child, the disillusioned wife—George Sand, the lover and the literary artist are presented in *Lelia.* Maurois has skillfully combined his knowledge of George Sand with a deep understanding of human personality. He does not condone her actions; neither does he condemn them. He simply gives the reader a truer understanding of her genius.

—Amanda Adams

THE STORY OF ISSAH CRAIG

Latham, Edythe: *The Sounding Brass,* Little, Brown, New York: 1953. 465 pp. $4.50.

The Sounding Brass by Edythe Latham is the story of Marcus Chadley, a man of power who hid rejection by dominating two generations of his offspring. It is the story of Fenton Chadley, a man made in the image of his father, yet a man frustrated by his own conflicting emotions. It is the story of Leslie Chadley, who inherited his mother's artistic ability and who because of it revolted from his father's domination and was driven to deceit. It is the story of Issah Craig, Marcus' adoring servant whose simple philosophy guided the great man. It is the story of Ralph Craig, Issah's son, who felt the Chadley stamp in a manner apart from the rest. It is the story of August Chadley, Leslie's daughter, whose independent temperament helps her to break away from the Chadley rule. It is the story of Walter Abbott, Ralph's tutor, who helps August to find herself.

Marcus Chadley, who comes to the Southern city of Newtown and establishes himself as a man of great wealth and influence, is typical of many men who have to prove themselves through authority. His wife, when refused permission by Chadley to further her artistic career, killed herself. As a result, Marcus set out to dominate his sons and control their lives, feeling that this was the only way to insure himself of their love. Chadley establishes himself in the mansion and engages a tutor for his sons. It is not long, however, before he realizes that Leslie is not going to conform to his plan.

Leslie, encouraged by his tutor who has discovered the boy's artistic ability, presents a bust of Issah to his father on his birthday. Chadley, completely enraged, smashes it to pieces. This is the beginning of the break between the two. Leslie enlists in the army and soon after dies of pneumonia at camp. Fenton in the meantime has gone into the bank with his father, and upon Leslie's death discovers in the family lock box a letter from his brother. The letter tells Fenton that he has married a Gilberta de Ventura and has a daughter, August. Soon thereafter Fenton and Chadley bring them home to Dunmeade.

Gilberta, whose family was the original owner of Dunmeade, has been brought up to believe that her rightful place was there. She immediately assumes the duties of the mistress of the house and shuts herself up in her own world. Consequently, the care of August is left to Fenton, and he consecrates his life to her upbringing. More as a matter of convenience than for reasons of the heart Fenton and Gilberta marry; and, when ill health forces Chadley to retire from the bank and move to the old family home in the eastern part of the state, Fenton becomes master of Dunmeade and all his father's holdings.

August's childhood is not a happy one. The formal air of Dunmeade has not taught her to make friends easily.

And although Fenton loves her dearly, his own childhood did not teach him that love is an outgoing emotion, and he is embarrassed by displays of affection. August has inherited the artistic ability of her father and grandmother and tries to find an outlet for her expression through this, but she is often thwarted by rebellion within her against conformity. When, however, Ralph Craig comes to live at Dunmeade and prepare for his entrance into the Negro college, Walter Abbott, a young professor, is engaged as his tutor. It is he who helps August to find herself.

Ralph's self-destruction, Fenton's illness and self-discovery, and the love which awakens between August and Walter—all move the story toward its conclusion. *The Sounding Brass* is a deeply moving book beautiful written. It shows an unusual and sympathetic understanding of the problems of life on the part of the author. Although the plot is intricate, no thread is left untied; and the reader puts the book down with a feeling of calm and satisfaction at its end.

—M. A. Coleman

Confusion

Pats Powell

"Wal, I do declar', this makes 'bout the ninth post card that young feller Melton has got and all of em talking 'bout some 'babe' and signed with the alfebet letter 'C.' Now, ain't thet strange—twouldn't be surprised ifn that young gadabout ain't carryin' on with some little gal. Shame he ain't like that Townsend boy—so serious and business-like.

"There goes the phone. Reckon I'll just listen in kinda easy like to those ole gossips.—What! Young Melton's done been shot and is in th' horspital. And they ain't got no idee who done it; wonder why he don't tell. Well, now I swan."

Just at that minute John Townsend strode in and as Lem began to tell him the exciting news, he snapped:

"Lem, I'm leaving Shady Springs for good. Send any mail I get to the Saxony Hotel, Crescentville."

"What yuh leavin' in such a hurry fer? Think you'd want to stay around and help out Guy Melton—specially since you was becoming right tolable friends."

John nervously twitched his hands and tried to keep from shouting. Instead, he turned quickly, tripped over his own feet and mumbled as he hurried out the door, "I've just gotten word that I'm wanted to close a big business deal, and it can't wait."

"Hmm-m, now thet's a strange young man. Wonder why he's runnin' off so fast. Mighty strange!"

A few days later as Lem was putting up the mail a slight, blond young girl of about nineteen slipped into the post office. "Could you please tell me the way to the hospital?"

"Wal, now, little miss, it's straight down that street an' to the left—you can't miss it. But vis'ting hours ain't til 8:30, and it's only 5:15 now."

(Continued on page 30)

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MONTALDO'S

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I, Absalom

Amanda Adams

O my God Jehovah, why must a son do obeisance to an ill-respected father? What has David the king done to deserve my honor? Lain with another man's wife—in the spring when the foxes are mating, when life begins, when soldiers go out to battle to die. And where was my father the king that spring? At home, at home getting another man's wife with child.

And when she conceived, what did my honorable father, the king, do? Schemed and plotted against Uriah. Poor, unsuspecting Uriah. How kind the king was to release him from his duties in battle! But Uriah the Hittite, most worthy, most courageous, most valiant of all soldiers would not leave the heat of battle to go to the bed of his Bathsheba.

Then what did my most honorable father, the king, do? Adultery was not enough. No, the only way to keep the throne was murder. No one would ever suspect that Uriah's death was more than an accident. Killed in the thick heat of battle. The most noble of all soldiers.

No one would ever suspect—no one, that is, except the royal household. News travels fast there.

The corruption did not, could not, end with my father. The evil spread like the plague of boils—festering, bursting, spreading. And for the corruption of this house, O my father, I hate you! And this hatred consumes my soul. For then Amnon, my brother, seeing your sin, violated my sister, Tamar—my beautiful, beautiful Tamar. She is desolate. Never can she know the love of man.

But the hatred with which I hated my father, the king, was fierce and silent. Silent I was. And silently for two full years at Baalhazor did I plot revenge.

Spring and sheepshearing time it was at Baalhazor when I asked my father, the king, and his household to feast. As I walked on my roof that night, I saw the moon, blood red, coming up over the dark Judean hills. A wolf howled; my blood ran cold. I knew that tonight Amnon would die. But the king's son must not stain his hands with blood. When Amnon's heart was merry with wine, my faithful servant thrust the knife into his heart.

He lay with his face in the dust disrobed of his glory like the serpent in the garden. And although I hated my brother, his blood was not pleasant to see. And I fled, fled from the wrath of my father, the king. Three years I dwelt in Geshur with Ammihud.

After three years I was recalled—recalled to endure humiliation from my father and the insults of Joab. And I hated my father with a fierce and silent hate. When at last he called me to see him, I did obeisance to the king; and he kissed me with a kiss that burned fire into my very soul.

The wind blows cold tonight. And as I am walking on my roof, I am thinking that my honorable father, the king, is not worthy to be king. He has sinned against thee, O my God Jehovah—against thee. But the people still follow him like harlots follow men in the streets of Jerusalem. They know no other way. But I, I, Absalom, will show them another way.

Contentedness

Carolyn Newton

I am never sure of the exact moment that it comes to me. Often I am not aware of possessing it until it has been pushed aside by an abrupt demand made by my attentions. Its existence is pleasant but all too brief, for no amount of effort and thinking can force it to remain once it has spent its visit. Attempts to hold it only hasten its departure.

To anticipate its approach is impossible. It comes with the lazy lapping of sun-warmed lake water on the side of a row boat and the gentle tugging of water plants on my foot, swinging over the boat's side. It lingers with the realization that four more days such as this one lie ahead, during which it will not be sought after nor striven for, but simply will be taken for granted.

It is with me on the bow of the dimly lighted ferry boat as I leave behind me the color and noise of New York City and watch the New Jersey shore grow brighter. It mixes itself with memories of the day spent discovering Greenwich Village, with the anticipation of sliding between cool bed sheets to sleep away the day's happy tiredness, and with the thought of waking refreshed to begin a day of interesting, useful work.

It fills the night as I scuff across the cool, powdery sands of a beach in the moonlight. An occasional finger of foam-flecked surf darts along the sand and swirls about my ankles. Slowly, deeply I breathe the fresh air flavored with salt and the smell of fresh fish and the warm odors of land flowers when the sea breeze is stilled.

Contentedness is the complete absence of care as I stretch myself in the ruddy glow before the fireplace, having eaten heartily of a home-cooked Sunday dinner. I lie there half listening to the concert on the radio, giving my imagination to the influences of the music, the leaping, crackling fire-shapes, the drugging warmth that surrounds me.

Contentedness cannot be a constant thing. Eventually it must give way to a stronger feeling. When it leaves, however, it need not be replaced by unpleasantness. When stimulated, it begins to stir from its complacent existence and, broadening and growing, leaps its boundaries and turns into happiness, giving a zest to living and an eagerness for life. Perhaps it is best that its visits be brief.

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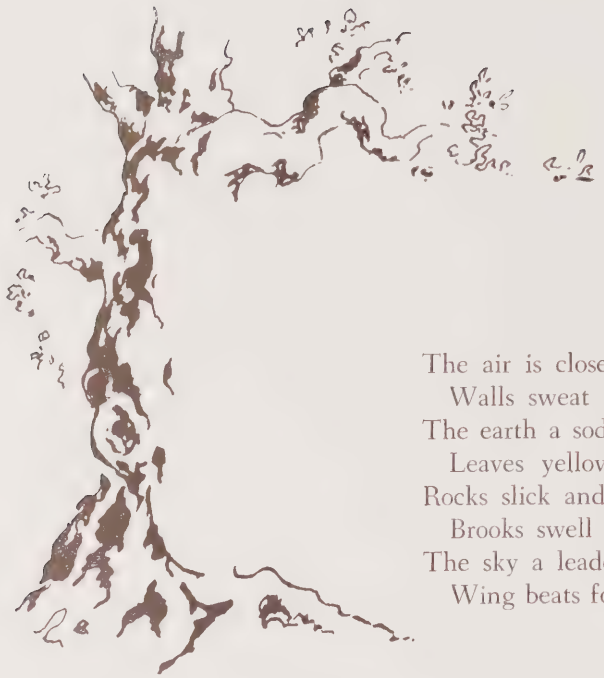
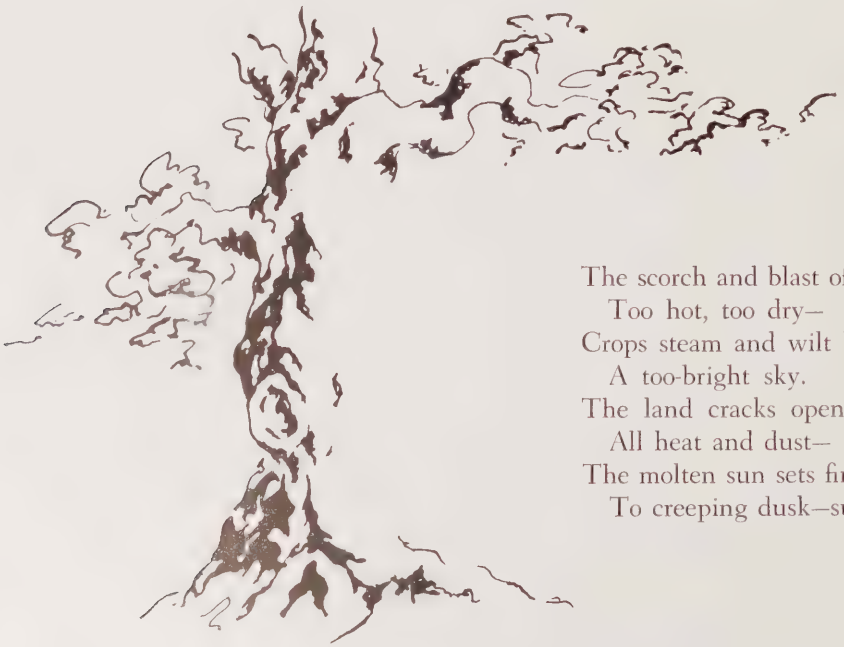
Seasons In Rotation

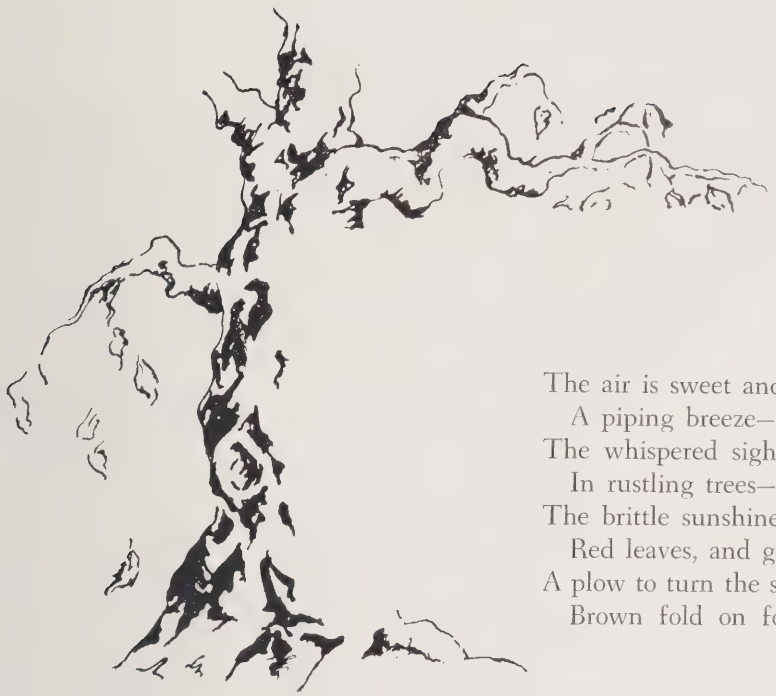
Worth Spearman



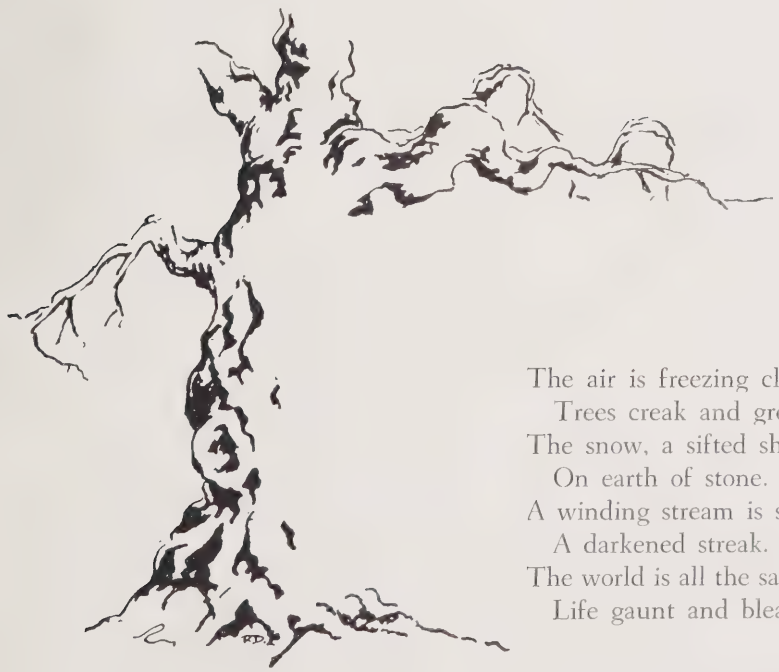
The air is close and dank;
  Walls sweat and steam.
The earth a sodden sponge—
  Leaves yellow-green—
Rocks slick and shining black.
  Brooks swell and roll—
The sky a leaden mass.
  Wing beats foretold—spring rains.



The scorch and blast of air—
  Too hot, too dry—
Crops steam and wilt beneath
  A too-bright sky.
The land cracks open, curls.
  All heat and dust—
The molten sun sets fire
  To creeping dusk—summer thirst.



The air is sweet and crisp.
  A piping breeze—
The whispered sigh of frost
  In rustling trees—
The brittle sunshine's gleam—
  Red leaves, and gold.
A plow to turn the soil
  Brown fold on fold—burnished fall.



The air is freezing clear.
  Trees creak and groan.
The snow, a sifted shroud
  On earth of stone.
A winding stream is still—
  A darkened streak.
The world is all the same.
  Life gaunt and bleak—raw winter.

POETRY

Pete's Prank

Kathryn Rogers

Beyond the sun and in the land of Treet,
There lived a creature by the name of Pete.
He was not tall, nor was he small;
In fact, he was not much at all,
But it is said that he was most discreet.

He wanted to devise a kind of game,
Some sort of hobby that would win him fame.
He planned and schemed; he ever dreamed
Until he struck upon what seemed
The perfect plot—to this he swore to aim.

He labored night and day without a rest;
He knew that his inspired plan was best.
He looked around on foreign ground
Until the perfect spot he found—
The *earth* with his invention would be blessed!

He laughed, and in his thinking did predict
That this would bring him fortune and inflict
Upon the earth a strange new birth—
A fantasy, an eerie mirth.
His own creation how he did depict!

At last the fateful day was near at hand.
He brought it forth; how brilliant and how grand
Was this machine that would be seen
By everyone from slave to Queen
Upon the earth, his predetermined land.

What fun he had in racing through the skies
And watch earthlings stand in stark surprise.
Their souls in awe at what they saw,
They wondered if by prank or law
This thing had darted past their staring eyes.

The joy was almost more than Pete could bear,
For he could hear men say as they would stare,
"We must insist, now what is this?
What mystic force makes it exist?
And what inventive master put it there?"

The creature, Pete, delighted in his fame;
He found the people everywhere the same.
"How odd the size! It's full of spies!
A flying saucer!" were the cries.
And so it was, for lack of better name!

Although to race the fastest jet he yearned,
He could not stay; and so to Treet returned.
But still amazed, the earthlings gazed.
As out of sight the creature blazed;
The secret of his prank was never learned.

Reverie and Reality

Mary McLaney

My thoughts drift from my mind
Like leaves from trees.
They lie, both gold and red,
Around my feet.
The wind stirs them gently;
Then they are still.
The rain falls, making them
A sodden mass,
Unused and unusable.

What Man Can Know

Mary McLaney

What man can know the depth of one soul's cry,
When from the darkness it would curse its God?
What man can know the winding path, well-trod
Which leads a soul to wander and to die?
What is the strange attraction evil shows
That man would give his life for pleasure's sake
And from the tree of death in frenzy take
Its bitter fruit? What man can tell or knows?
That man whose world has been imprisoned in
His mind's black cave of dismal thought and drear,
Who groped for light and found the light was fear,
Who knew at last, alone, he could not win—
He is the man who knows the lonely way
To death and leaves it for the road to day.

For_____

Marjorie Blankenship

What dream does summer hold for you?
A lake—or the wind's embrace,
A quiet thought on a wooden dock,
The touch of a sunkissed face?

A stolen moment,
A mountain stream,
A secret shared—
Or an untouched dream?
The freedom high in a cloud-tossed sky,
A quickened heart,
Or a long-lost sigh?

What dream does summer hold for you?
What bit of gold remains
When the city sleeps with her tarnished dreams
In the mellowing autumn rains?
Oh, here in my dream I can see your face;
Your smile in my heart I'll keep
When the mountains are stilled by the falling snow
And lost in their winter's sleep.
For hand in hand as we shared our dream
In a summer's golden hue,
So shall I keep a place in my heart
For you—and only you.

The Giant, George

Kathryn Rogers

"I'm lonesome," said the giant, George;
And as he spoke, he cried.
He shook the earth with mournful sobs;
His tears he could not hide.

"To live alone below the earth
Is more than I can bear.
The bowels of this world are hot,
But there are none who care.

"I want to live as mortal men;
I want to have them near.
But if they saw my monstrous size,
They'd run and hide in fear."

Thus did self-pity rule his heart,
Surrounding him with gloom.
He thought that surely he would die
If left within this tomb.

A million years had he survived
Amid the burning night;
A million years had he bewailed
His sad and tragic plight.

"The time has come to act!" he cried.
"If only I could find
A ray of light to let me through—
But no, the way is blind."

Despair again gripped George's heart;
His face was drawn with grief.
"To think that fate has put me here
Just like a common thief!"

He fumbled over every inch,
And as he did, he swore,
"I'll never look on night again
If once I find a door!"

But suddenly the walls did shake;
George felt a mass of heat.
The ceiling cracked, and flaming coals
Lay scattered at his feet.

When once again the room was still,
Rage made the Giant foam.
He threw his fists into the air,
"How dare you ruin my home!

"Confound the bombs those mortals drop,
Not caring where they fall.
I might as well be made of stone,
Or not exist at all!"

He stamped his feet; an earthquake came,
Resulting from the force.
His shouting caused a tidal wave;
His frame shook with remorse.

"I've changed my mind; I'd rather stay
Within the darkness here
Than face the curse of mortal wars
And live in constant fear."

Thus spoke the lonely giant, George;
He wiped away his tears
And sat in silent solitude
Another million years.

Growing Spring

Grace Hager

Spring . . . an awakening, a resurrection, a rebirth,
a birthday, a holiday, an extravaganza,
a time, a season, an era!

Spring . . . a key, a note, a measure,
a theme, a melody, a lyric,
a score, a sound, a song!

Spring . . . a twig, a straw, a leaf,
a nest, an egg, a crack,
a feather, a peep, a bird!

Spring . . . a plow, a hoe, a row,
a seed, a sprout, a flower,
a bud, a blossom, a fragrance!

Spring . . . a sunrise, a sky, a cloud,
a breeze, a shadow, a shower,
a rainbow, a sunset, a night!

I Have A Son That Is One Year Old

Richard J. Stavrakas

When from his crib my babe will reach with glee,
And plead that he be taken in my arms,
All plagues of mind, all moods of sorrow flee.
All business burdens vanish with their harms.
His eyes will glow with soft, adoring light.
His little lips will drool the dawning's dew.
His tiny talk will fill me with delight.
His chubby cheeks will be a rosy hue.
And when his baby's babbles have to cease,
I wonder if his floating forts will spring
From granite rock to clouds of frothy fleece,
Or will his pleasures seek a genie's ring.
For while his infant trust is placed in me,
I'll plot his course and he the captain be.

Desolation

Carol Stockner

Simply, in the midst of a field
Stands a tree,
Sifting its branches as if to say,
"Come! Look! I have an acre
To share with you."
But none comes.
And the seedlings from the tree itself
Wither in its own shade.

A WAY OF LIVING

Carolyn Newton

It is referred to by the townspeople in a sarcastic, somewhat embarrassed manner, with an apologetic shake of the head. No one bothers to do anything about it. This is Tin Can Alley, a slum in a thriving textile center in the South. It is an eyesore that must be ignored until the new music building is added to the local high school and the enlargement of the football stadium is complete.

On both sides of a rutted, unpaved road, dusty in summer, a red mud bog in winter, stand a dozen duplex apartment houses, their peeling grey paint mingling with a coating of red dust and mud. Screenless windows are stuffed with rags and patched with pasteboard to replace broken window panes. Around the doors are the prints of a hundred grimy hands. No grass or flowers grow there, for the yards are hard-packed clay. An occasional tree, its branches broken and stripped of bark by climbing, swinging youngsters, rises forlornly from the earth. Before these houses stand dilapidated automobiles of dubious origin and workability. However, these cars sport the latest in fox tails, spot lights, and mud flaps adorned with ruby reflectors. A tall, grotesque antenna atop one roof proudly announces that inside the occupants view television.

In this environment scores of children grow up. In the summer these little one play noisily in the road, clothed chiefly in the red dust accumulated from many days of such play. In the crisp, early morning air they run into the dark little grocery store at the foot of the hill, dirty hands clutching the dimes which will purchase each his breakfast—a cellophane wrapped cake and the largest soda in the cooler. A similar transaction is performed at noon. In the evening, when the smell of cooked, dried beans and fried fatback hangs in the air, these children are called to their evening meal: "Junior! You better git in here and eat your supper. Right now, or you won't git none."

In winter, because of the constant haranguing of the truant officer these children, round-eyed and silent, are packed off to school two or three days in the week. They walk hurriedly over the frosted ground. Some are barefoot. Spindle-thin legs smart from the cold, causing teary eyes and leaky noses. Elbows plow through the holes in sweaters buttoned haphazardly over protruding abdomens. Frequently the children have no lunches for the noon meal, nor even the usual dime for a cake and soda. They hurry, not with eagerness for learning, for rarely are they apt pupils, but for the warmth that the school-room affords.

All too quickly these little ones grow up. When they become fourteen or fifteen years old, they must work to help support the families, ever increasing in membership. Personal spending money is scarce among the youths. Vandalism is an inviting means for obtaining money as well as excitement.

On Saturday nights young girls, just beginning to give signs of biological maturation, dress gaudily in ill-fitting clothing and shiny dime-store jewelry, paint heavy, unattractive mouths on their sallow faces, and depart for an evening "up town." They roam in twos and threes, arm about each other, thin hips swaying. Waiting on a corner up town are the boys, slim, gangling, and pimple-faced, sharing a coarse, half-comprehended joke, laughing loudly and nudging each other. From such an evening and before they realize how such things come about, some of the girls are becoming mothers; the boys, fathers. Their offspring are absorbed by the large families. With fierce loyalty—or is it rebellion against an outsider's intrusion?—the young girl's mother will claim the baby as her own, or will matter-of-factly refer to the infant as "Junie's young'un."

It seems to be a matter of course that when a family has children old enough for work, the parents go into a state of retirement. Each day from early morning until darkness comes they sit on their front porches dull-eyed and sluggish, watching the scant traffic in the road. On one porch a group may gather to sing in a plaintive, nasal twang, beseeching little darling to come back. They are accompanied by a new polished guitar played by the man "who's staying with old man Clontz's woman while he's serving on the road gang." Occasionally there's the excitement of a heated disagreement between households which leads to a midnight brawl.

For years past this manner of living has prevailed in Tin Can Alley and its counterparts in other small towns. It will continue until all the local football stadiums are enlarged and the music buildings are completed, and the townspeople will look at it and shake their heads.

I Went Back To Walnut Hill

Davy-Jo Stribling

I walked through "Walnut Hill" tonight. I always return hen the hyacinths bloom under the magnolia tree and the nquils nod along the picket fence. I've been anxious to come ack. When I returned last year, Paul was here on his death- ed. This year he's with me, and I have no need to come to ee him; I only wanted to see what my son, David, and his ife, Thelma, had done to it since they moved in.

I always return in the moonlight; the columns along the orch are prettiest then. I missed the picket fence this year nd some of the walnut trees; but most of all I missed the agnolia at the end of the long porch. I'm so glad they cut down. For years it had shaded my roses and hyacinths, but aul insisted on its being there. The slave cabins in the ackyard were gone and camellias and holly had been set ut in their place. The old farm bell was high atop a lephone pole. I wondered if its original cedar post had nally rotted away; it always swayed when I rang the bell dinner time.

The staircase in the entrance hall was gone, but I was ad, for it was always dark and gloomy. I also missed the ained pine floors; they were covered with a wall-to-wall rpet now. And the love seat surpassed my expectations. helma always said she would have it fixed; I never realized was so pretty. The wax flowers were gone from the walnut ames and were replaced by Victorian prints. My gate- gged kitchen table was in the living room, but I never new it was finished walnut. Near by was Paul's cherry esk. I wondered how they fixed the crack in it, and if avid saved the old maps of the farm which were in the cked drawer. My Dutch wash stand looked different with y old parlor lamp on it. If I had known its natural finish as dark cherry, I would never have covered it with oil oth and left it in the junk room.

I wondered if they had a hard time sawing through the gs to make an archway into the dining room. My bedroom as their dining room where my china was displayed in elves especially made for it. The flowered cups and saucers owed up better with the rose-colored wall behind them. ly dining room had been made into a light and modern tchen. I wondered what they did with my corner cup- oard and my walnut buffet. I envied them of the den hich had replaced my kitchen and David's office which as where my pantry used to be. The coffee-grinder and the ood box in the corner were gone.

For a moment I wondered where they got the Early merican bed in the new bedroom until I realized that it as Great-grandmother's bed and just looked different in e light. We always kept the shutters closed, and I never alized how much light changed things. The marble-top esser didn't look like the monstrosity it used to look. May-

be the new mirror helped it. On second glance I realized that the bedside table was my old flower stand which was kept by the front door. How strange that I always thought it was ugly. Its walnut finish was like satin.

The heating plant in the basement took up the space where Paul always stored his blackberry wine, but the eighteen-inch logs supporting the house were the same—they could be changed only in the destruction of "Walnut Hill."

The library upstairs surpassed all my dreams. I always wanted some bookshelves there, but Paul never built them for me. My books were on the shelves; I wondered what had been done with my U.D.C. scrapbooks and Paul's *National Geographics*.

My short bed was in the north room. With pillow shams and dust ruffle it looked just like something Thelma would have done. I wonder how she removed the rust from the knitted spread. I always kept the spread packed away in my mother's trunk. By the bed I found the rocker which I always rocked my babies in. It didn't have arms and wouldn't, therefore, bump their heads. David and Thelma must realize my sentiment for it. The upstairs storeroom had not been changed. The wide plank-faded blue walls still had that musty smell of long ago. I wondered how they ever cleaned up the accumulation of four generations and what they did with Paul's hunting bag and ox horn. The stairs didn't seem so steep. Maybe the carpeting helped, or maybe I don't get out of breath like I did when I was here last.

Yes, I went back to "Walnut Hill" tonight. I'll never go back again; it made me want to stay. Because the hyacinths that Thelma pinned on my dress when she saw me last were dead, I picked some more from my garden before I left. I dropped one in the garden walk and pinned the others on myself. I had no way of telling David and Thelma I was there. I left no footprints, but I believe my blessing and the broken hyacinth will let them know that I walked through "Walnut Hill" tonight.

THE HOUSE

Mary McLaney

This story, vivid with description, was written by a religion major.

The house stood on a hill in the very center of the town. It had not been painted in a long, long time; and the constant wearing of wind and rain had faded it to a dreary gray. Shutters were broken and hanging by one hinge; windows had been shattered by the last generation of the town's children, and the openings looked like the staring, sightless eyes of a blind man; bricks had fallen from the chimneys into the garden. The garden would never have been recognized for what is used to be except for the boxwood hedge. They say it was modeled after the garden at Mount Vernon with roses, and ivy, and magnolias everywhere. The lawn parties held there before the War were the pride of the town. But the roses were dead; the ivy had grown over the paths; the magnolias were huge trees with no power of bloom left in them. Only the boxwoods were the same—great rounded bushes grown close together to shield the faded garden from the town's prying eyes. If someone had walked down the dirt road in front of the house some bright moonlight night, he might have seen a glimmer of light from one of the windows; but he would have known that it was only the moonlight reflected from the fragments of glass still left in the window frames. For the house was deserted and had been for over twenty-five years. No one lived there but the mice and bats, a few rabbits in the garden, and an old white owl.

One afternoon in late summer I slowly climbed the hill and stood at the front steps. I had wanted to come before; but somehow I had been afraid—afraid maybe of what I would find. Now I no longer felt fear. The town had depressed me; I had come up here to find perhaps a little peace. As I stood before the house, I suddenly had the feeling of welcome, as if the house were extending an invitation to me. Quickly I walked up the steps and across the porch. I laid my hand on the door, then slowly withdrew it. The wood had felt warn to my touch. It is alive, I thought. But I knew it was just the heat of the sun on the wood. A little gray mouse carrying a few wisps of straw in his mouth suddenly appeared on the edge of the porch. He looked at me with bright, twinkling eyes for a moment and then crossed the porch and disappeared in a crack beneath the door. Well, if the house is alive, it's certainly not unfriendly, I thought. I turned the knob and leaned my weight against the door. It swung slowly open, and I stood on the threshold of the great entrance hall. My eyes were carried up and up to the roof, the great dome, three stories above me. Sunlight was slanting through the south windows, and dust motes were dancing in the rays. I moved forward like someone in a dream. The house seemed to reach out strong arms and enfold me in a dark cloak. It was as if it had something to tell me.

The room to the right was the music room, I knew. There was no furniture left; but the minute I entered, the room seemed to be full of tinkling melody. I heard a rustling sound behind me; the music stopped. I turned, but there was no one there. A bumble bee buzzed through one window and out another.

The stairs beckoned me. I ascended very slowly and carefully, testing each step before I put my full weight on it. Some of the steps and part of the banister were gone, but the rest of the stair seemed strong. When I reached the second floor, it seemed I turned almost automatically to open the door across the wide hall. "This is my room," I said aloud. There was nothing in the room. The warm sun streamed through the open windows, and the air was fresh and sweet. Again I heard a rustling sound—it was as if the breeze were moving the heavy silk draperies of a four poster. I tiptoed around the room, skirting the place where the bed should have been.

I went out into the hall and climbed the stairs to the top floor. This is the nursery, I thought. As I softly entered the room, I saw a luminous white figure in the corner. It's a child, I thought. But it was only a white owl. This room was his roost, and I had disturbed his rest. He opened his great yellow eyes and looked at me unblinkingly. Then he hopped to the window and flew down to the garden. I watched his heavy, silent flight until he lighted in a magnolia. Then I was that I noticed what he had been perching on—it was a child's bed, broken into three pieces. Somehow the sight filled me with foreboding, and I turned quickly to leave. On the way down the stairs I looked over the banister down to the hall below. A sudden feeling of horror overtook me. I wanted to scream; I wanted to run; but panic had flung a veil of blackness over my eyes, taken away the breath from my lungs, and the strength from my legs. I made my way shakily down the stairs and rushed out into the garden.

The sudden peace of the garden began to soothe the panic I had experienced. The grass was deep and soft, and I sat down by the magnolia. It was strange how the atmosphere of the house had impressed itself upon me. Why had this happened to me? The garden was very peaceful; the sun felt warm on my back. I closed my eyes. . . .

II

It was night. The heavy scent of roses was in the air. I was sitting in a summerhouse, and someone was sitting beside me. All around us there was the noise of talking and laughter and music. Lights had been strung from tree to tree, but their light reached only dimly into the summer house.

"Evelyn, will you marry me?"

"Of course, I will, Robert." It seemed the natural thing to say, for I realized that I loved this man. . . .

It was early morning. The sun was just coming over the magnolia tree at the edge of the garden. A Negro groom was bringing a brown saddle horse around the corner of the house when I came out the front door with a tall man beside me.

"Goodbye, darling. I don't know how soon I'll be back but don't forget to write me."

"Oh, Robert, I shan't!" I cried and threw myself into his rms. He kissed me tenderly and put me from him.

"Goodbye."

How tall he looked in the spring sunlight! He mounted s horse and turned down the hill to town. I mustn't let m see me cry, I thought. Smile and wave to him. He waved me, and I watched him until he disappeared. How I eaded the house without him with me! . . .

Evening had come. The summer dusk was sweet with the te shower on the roses. I was sitting in the music room, aying some of my favorite songs, trying to forget that obert was not here. I heard a rustling sound behind me.

"Mother, what it it?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"No, mother. No! . . ."

The roses were blooming late into the fall. The weather as so mild that the child and I could sit out in the garden gether in the late morning. The child—if it were not for e child, I would not stay in the house a moment longer. I as sitting in the summerhouse, watching him as he played his little white suit. He was always dressed in white.

"Come, Bobby. It's time to get some lunch now," I called.

"I'm comin', Mama." He toddled to me, and I picked him .

"Cora, will you take Bobby and get him ready for lunch?" asked his big black nurse. She took him up to the nursery the third floor while I stayed in the hall to wait for him. hoped Cora would hurry. The great space in the hall ways frightened me. I hated it. Soon, though, I heard his tle footsteps.

"Mama, Mama, I'm comin' down!"

"Be careful of that loose banister, honey, and go real w. Oh, Bobby, Bobby! . . ."

The rustling sound was all around me. I was afraid to show that I was awake.

"Evelyn, dear, are you awake?"

I opened my eyes. The rustling was just the breeze from the open window moving my bed curtains. "Mother, is Bobby . . .?"

"Bobby is dead, dear."

"It's the house, the house that's doing it!" I cried.

"We must get out before it kills us all! . . ."

III

A chill wind struck my body. The sky above my head was full of black clouds. Lightning was playing in the east. I was lying in the grass of the garden. The house loomed above me like the shadow of death. I quickly jumped to my feet. There was a sudden whir of wings at my side. I screamed, but it was only the white owl. He had flown from the magnolia tree back to his roost in the nursery. The storm was fast approaching; the thunder rolled nearer and nearer; lightning slashed through the boiling tumult of the sky. I took one last look at the deserted house, the ruin of a garden, and ran down the hill to the town.

Then the storm broke over the hill. There was not much rain yet, but the lightning was bad. Just as I reached shelter, a powerful bolt struck, and the thunder burst like an explosion. I looked up the hill to the house. Fascinated, I watched the thin curl of smoke from the roof grow and grow until the flames began shooting out the gaping window frames. Soon the house was only a red, glowing wall of fire. The townspeople could only stare too. No one thought to try to save it.

Let it go, I thought. It has told its story. Then the rain came.

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The print is smeared; the pages, torn
  The back is split; the jacket, worn.
Still stands my boyhood's cherished book
  Upon its shelf. I often look
And try to find what I have lost
  By growing up. 'Mid life, so tossed
With charges youth must always bear
  From generations who would swear
Their causes worthy to march on,
  Youth's left to stumble, dream, and long.
The weary child of yesterday,
  Who had no thought except to play
Adventurer, or prince, or knave,
  In memory's dark, delicious cave,
Is rudely thrown on earthly floor,
  Hard kicked about, shown to the door,
And cursed, by mammon's hoary head,
  To slave for wordly stores 'til dead.
No time to read—No time to think—
  To feed the fat with meat and drink
Is all that growing up would seem.
  I've tried to catch again the theme
That fed my soul, that built my dream,
  That made imagination teem
With myriad hosts of wish, desire,
  And longing. But, alas, the fire
Is just a smoldering fleck; the lyre
  Is silent. Whispers from a mire
Of selfish pity taint the book
  In which I grope to find the crook
The shepherd writer used to put
  My little boy's mind and foot
In all the roads that seemed to bend
  Toward strange, exotic lands. My friend,
I'd gladly give the book to you,
  But I've a little boy, too—
He comes out once or twice a year—
  To see, himself, if spring is here,
Or find if, tasting of the snow,
  It's wet enough for seeds to grow.
For him, perhaps, I'll keep the book.
  Might help him learn to dream. But look,
The print was smeared; the pages, torn.
  The back was split; the jacket, worn.
I hope I'll find that child's cherished book
  Upon its shelf. I'll often look
  And try to find what I have lost
  By growing up. I'd pay the cost.

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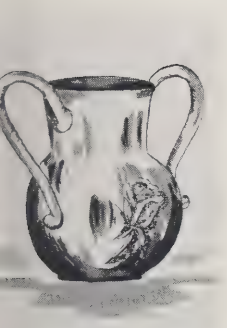
The Porcelain Vase

Mary Bradley

A lifetime is wrapped up in the story behind the yellow rose bud.



Jessie Carothers, a tiny white-headed woman, hummed "Abide With Me" to an accompaniment of splashing water and clanking dishes.

The backdoor burst open. "There's quite a wind stirring up. Looks like we'll have a storm tonight." Mr. Sam Carothers set a pail down beside the sink.

"Not much milk," said Jessie.

"I reckon Clara was scared of the wind," replied Sam. t near about blew me off my milking stool."

The last dish was dried and put in its place. Jessie very eatly hung up the dish cloth and followed her husband to their sitting room.

Sam stirred up the coal in the fire. He took his usual seat—big arm chair with his pipe stand beside it. He packed is favorite pipe, lit it, and settled back in his chair.

Jessie with her knitting was rocking away in a chair pposite her husband. "Sam," she said after a while, "I went the auction of the Stephens' furniture today."

"Oh, did you buy anything?"

"Yes. It's an odd-looking thing, a porcelain vase."

"What did you do with it?"

"Put it in the attic."

"Why did you do that?" Sam asked drawing his pipe om between his lips.

"It's not very pretty. It's dark green with yellow rose buds n it. And it has hideously big handles."

"Well, why in the world did you buy the thing if it's not retty enough to set where it can be looked at?"

Mrs. Carothers stopped knitting for a moment, "I don't ghtly know. It was just a notion that struck me. Old Betsy tephens bid on it too. So when I got the vase, she looked me rather queerly and said I shouldn't have bought it. I uldn't help but feel a little sorry for her. I paid only two llars for it. Poor old woman—she couldn't raise my bid. I ight have given the vase to her if she hadn't looked at e the way she did."

"And so you put the outlandish thing in the attic." Sam se from the depths of his easy chair and ambled over to the indow. He pulled back the stiff organdy curtains and eered out into the black night.

The wind howled through the leafless trees. A streak of ghtning illumined the darkness for an instant. In the eird half-glow that flashed across the earth Sam Carothers uld see the remains of the old Stephens' home, Strow-ld—a gaunt skeleton standing on a hill defiant against e elements.

"Seems a shame," Sam said, "that such a beautiful place ould be burned."

Rain began to splatter in big drops against the window nes. Lightning flashed across the sky, and thunder rum-ed close behind it. Then the rain came in torrents.

"It's really pouring now," said Jessie.

Her husband replied, "The corn's been needing it."

There was another streak of lightning.

Sam took the pipe out of his mouth and peered more closely out the window. The moment of illumination from the lightning was gone. The thunder came so loudly it seemed to shake the whole earth.

Sam came back to his chair. "You know, I could have sworn that I saw someone out there in that rain walking across our lawn."

"This weather's not fit for any living soul to be out in," said Jessie.

"True, true," nodded Sam.

The storm continued. Lightning, then thunder. Lightning, then thunder. And the rain fell in torrents. Jessie rocked back and forth in her rocking chair as she knitted and hummed a religious song. Sam casually smoked his pipe and gazed off into the distance.

There was a sudden noise—bang, bang, bang. Jessie was terrified. Sam was startled for a moment, but said, "Must be the attic door. I guess the wind blew it open. I'll go see."

"Wait a minute," said Jessie; "I'll go with you."

The attic door was swinging loose on its hinges.

"You must not have closed it good this afternoon when you put that vase up there."

"Please, Sam, let's go up and see if everything is all right.

The ancient steps creaked loudly. The attic covered the whole top of the house, its corners very dark and musty. Trunks, boxes, books—relics of a past age—and an assortment of odd things laid in cluttered heaps.

"The vase! It's gone!" Jessie whispered.

Outside the wind howled until the old house seemed to sway beneath its force. And the rain beat contemptuously all around.

Jessie trembled.

"Now don't be foolish about an old vase." But even Sam could unmistakably see the imprint in the dust on a trunk made by the round bottom of a vase that was no longer there.

"I know what I shall do," Jessie announced, trying to hide her fear. "Tomorrow I shall go see old Betsy Stephens. Maybe she can explain this mystery."

II

The morning was as crisp as the spanking clean apron Mrs. Carothers tied around her diminutive waist. She cracked two eggs in the frying pan. The coffee was boiling and filling the kitchen with its delightful wake-up aroma. Jessie set the table with her usual care and preciseness.

"Good morning, Jessie. Look here at the milk Clara gave. She must have had a good night's rest after the storm calmed down." Mr. Carothers came in the backdoor. "It's a biting morning, but the air smells just as fresh as anything. Hope it's not too cold for the corn."

The elderly couple sat down to breakfast. Mr. Carothers mumbled grace with a quick amen.

"I'm going to see Betsy Stephens this morning," announced Jessie.

Her husband replied, "I thought maybe you might have given up that idea after sleeping on it. The vase probably just fell off the trunk, and we didn't see it last night. Anything could have happened in that storm."

"That's just why I'm going to see Betsy," said Jessie. "*Anything* could have happened in that storm, and I'm going to find out what did happen."

Sam ended the conversation with a shrug of his shoulders.

III

With the breakfast dishes washed and the kitchen floor swept spotlessly clean, Mrs. Carothers set off down the road to see Betsy Stephens. Betsy lived about a mile away in a tiny white cottage surrounded by rose bushes that she tended the year around. She had lived off of what Tom Stephens, her nephew, had begrudingly given her. Now that Tom was dead, Betsy had no one to lean on. Even if Tom had had enough forethought to have written a will, everything he might have left Betsy would have been taken away by his creditors. If it weren't for Tom's creditors who auctioned off everything that had been salvaged from the fire at Strowfield, Jessie would never have gotten the vase.

As Jessie approached the path to the tiny white cottage, she saw Betsy. Betsy had a shawl thrown over her shoulders and was seated on a stool, digging around a rose bush. When she realized that Jessie was there, she did not stop her work but said, "So you got here. I thought you'd come sooner."

Jessie was startled. But she struggled to say, "Good morning, Betsy, I hope you are feeling well."

"Tolerably. Tolerably. How well can you expect a person to feel at eighty-five?"

Jessie said, "I'd like to talk with you about something."

"Yes, I know you do. Or why else would you have come here. Years ago the people around here stopped paying me social calls." She giggled strangely, "They thought it was time for me to die. But I outlived most of them." She looked straight at Jessie for the first time, "My work is done now. I shall not be here to see my roses bloom this spring."

"I—er—I," Jessie began, "I wondered why you didn't want me to buy that porcelain vase at the auction yesterday."

"Of course, that's what you want to know," said Betsy. "And I'll tell you. But first I shall get us some tea." Betsy disappeared inside the cottage. But soon she returned with a tea pot and cups. Betsy poured Jessie's tea, then her own.

Jessie sat on a white wrought-iron bench, and Betsy sat opposite her. They sipped their tea quietly for a few moments. Jessie could see that the older woman had fixed her eyes upon a plot of yellow rose bushes.

IV

Betsy spoke, "You are too young to remember John, my fiance. He was a good-looking scamp . . . full of sentiment and full of sassiness. He sent me yellow roses every week. But one week I did not get any, and John did not call on me that night. I heard nothing from him in the days that followed.

"I wondered if love could be snuffed out so quickly. My spirit was crushed. There was nothing for me to do during the day; so I'd come out here and sit in the rose garden. John and I planned on living here after we were married.

"I had been coming down here everyday for about month when John returned. 'I knew you'd come back, m love. Look how pretty the yellow roses are. Aren't the lovely? I've kept them that way just for you. Oh, John, te me you are real.' I reached out to touch him . . . but he wa gone.

"The next morning I knew in my heart that John woul be waiting for me. He was, and in his hand he held solitary yellow rose. He gave it to me. I was so happy tha I cried. We sat here on this very bench and talked. Ho wonderful it was to be again with my love. I longed for h caress. But he did not even brush his hand against min 'Are you dead?' I was terrified. My hand went up across m mouth, and I could see John vanish before my eyes.

"He spoke to me and said, 'Cannot a dead body commun with a dead spirit?'

"I closed my eyes and shuddered. When I looked abou me again, John was gone.

"One day weeks later I felt particularly moody. I crie as I worked about my bushes. I broke off a yellow ros It was so like the one that John had given me. The cu of the petals at their tips was just as delicate as that one ha been. The way the bud was half blossomed into its fu glory was like the one that John had given me. 'My darlin come back. I need you.'

"'Betsy,' it was his voice. I looked up, and there he wa I ran into his arms, and he kissed me ever so tenderly.

"'You are real. I know you are.'

"'Yes, I am real, if you believe I am.'

"What a wonderful day we had together. But as the su went down, he said, 'I've got to leave you now.'

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"I clung to him, 'Tell me you love me.'

"'You shall know if I love you, my Betsy. Remember ese things that I tell you. Outward appearance does not ways show inward feeling. Dash the outward against a ll, and the inward shall fall into view. My love for you ay be as durable as diamonds, pliable like gold, deep as e blue of sapphires, ripe as the red of rubies. Beneath the llow rose bud lies the truth.'

"I started to say, 'My darling, you talk in riddles,' but fore I could he had disappeared.

"It was not many evenings later that my mother called into her sitting room. 'Betsy,' she said, 'look at the odd-oking porcelain vase that one of the servants found in e yard. The handles are much too thick for it to be pretty.'

"But I couldn't see the handles for the yellow rose bud ar the base of the vase! 'It's mine,' I cried, 'Give it to me.' erked it out of my mother's hands and ran for the door. t my father was blocking the entrance.

"'What's all the commotion?' he asked.

"I yelled, 'It's mine,' and tried to get past him.

"'It's that vase the servant found in the yard. She thinks hers,' mother said.

'With strained patience in his voice, father said, 'Come re, child. Sit down and tell us why the vase is yours.'

'I told them.

"'The child is sick,' mother gasped.

'For days I tossed and turned feverishly in my bed and led, 'It's mine. It's mine.'

'The doctor, father, and mother tried to convince me that ad only imagined John's return. They kept saying over d over again, 'Betsy, you must live in the present. Betsy, u must live in the present.' But I knew John had talked me. He had given me a yellow rose. I had felt his kiss. d he told me in a riddle about the vase.

'When I was well enough to be up again, I moved down e.

'My parents died, and my brother became the master at owfield. I remember so well hearing him say, 'Betsy, u're got to live in the present. Live in the present. Live the present. Betsy, why don't you get out and find your- a husband?'

'I wasn't interested in other men. I wanted only the celain vase with the yellow rose bud on it. My brother st have inherited my parents' obstinateness. I had to t a way of getting the vase.

'My brother came home late every Tuesday night. That uld be my best chance, because all the rest of the family uld be in their bedrooms. I got into my brother's room hout being seen. I shut the door behind me. The window tters were flying loose, and the window was wide open. e cold, damp air reached at me across the room, and I vered. I had to get the vase and leave in a hurry. I saw it the mantelpiece where my brother always kept it so he ld tell me he was keeping his eye on it. Hurriedly I bbed it and put it under my coat and rushed back to the r. But before my hand touched the knob, someone from other side had opened it. I stood face to face with my ther.

'Well, Betsy, I see you have come for the vase. This is a fit night for you to take it outdoors; so give it to me!'

I ran back into the room until I stood by the window. e vase is mine,' I said.

"He jerked it out of my arms where I had it tightly clutched. 'No, Betsy, You cannot have the vase.'

"I tried to pull it out of his hands, but he was much too strong for me. He was leaning up against the window sill then.

"'You must learn to live in the present, Betsy.'

"That old warning. I could not stand it. I stepped away from my brother, and I turned loose the vase with such suddenness that my brother went tumbling out the window. He screamed, and I heard a thud when he hit the stone terrace below. I leaned out the window and shook my fist at the still form, 'Curses on you who have taken my vase from me. You shall not rest in your grave until you give it to me.'

"The years went by. I watched Tom Stephens, my brother's son, tear down everything that the Stephens and Strowfield ever stood for. Tom drank himself into debt. It wasn't too long ago that he sent one of the last remaining servants down here to say he wanted to see me.

"Tom was in the bedroom that his father had occupied—the one that I had been in on that night years before. Tom was slumped in a chair, holding the porcelain vase. 'Have a seat, Aunt Betsy,' he slowly mumbled.

"'I prefer to stand.'

"'Suit yourself,' he flicked his cigarette in the air. 'My creditors are breathing down my neck again. This time I'm going to give them something to make them go away. So I thought you might want to be here and find out what you've wanted for years.'

"'What are you going to do?' I asked.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"'I'm going to take this hideous porcelain vase and toss it against that wall,' he pointed across the room with his cigarette. 'If it's rubies, diamonds, gold, or whatever, I shall be able to pay some of my debts.'

"'No, it's mine. You shall not have it,' I cried grabbing the vase out of his hands.

"Tom arose from his chair, stumbled across the room, and leaned on the window sill. The window was open. He had dropped his cigarette. I saw a tiny thread of smoke rising up from the rug. How I wished he would move away from the window. He darted for me suddenly, but somehow I fell against him. He lost his balance. He screamed as he fell. I heard the thud as he hit the stone terrace below.

"The thread of smoke rising from the rug had turned into an inferno. I dashed out of the house. Somewhere along the way I dropped the vase."

There was a silence as Betsy ended her story. She looked at Jessie, "Yes, I know you thought that Tom had committed suicide, Jessie dear, but no. . . . I killed him just as I killed my brother. They were cursed because they would not give me my vase.

"But last night the curses were laid to rest. They brought me my porcelain vase! But I have no need for it now. I do not care to know the secret behind the yellow rose bud. I want to give you the porcelain vase, Jessie. Not much of the present is left to me now. I shall live what remains, and then John will tell me the truth that he hid behind the yellow rose bud."

V

As Jessie walked home, black clouds gathered in the sky. The air was heavy with moisture. Jessie shivered and drew her wrap around her closer. The porcelain vase with the yellow rose bud on it was tucked under her arm. She would guard its secret well so that none would ever know it except Betsy and John.

Jessie wondered if Sam would be home when she got there. She quickened her pace and began humming "Abide With Me."

CONFUSION

(Continued from page 16)

"Yes, I-I know. That is, I mean I'll wait till then. Thank you so much."

"Say, ain't I seen you before? You look kind of familiar like. What's yer name?"

"No. No, I've never been here before. My name's Cathy Town—, Katherine Davis. I must go now; thank you for your help."

"That little gal acted like she was scared to death. Must be some of her family sick. . . . Time for that afternoon train. Hm-m-m, wonder where I seen her. Hot ziggety dog! I got it. She was standin' on the train platform with Guy Melton 'bout a month ago. Now, thet's really queer—he usually sports his gals all over town. Right purty, too. This is jest whetin' my curiosity. Didn't she jus' say her name was Catherine? That could stand for the 'C' on them post cards! I'm a real detectif, I am! Bet she's got some connection with the shootin'. Think I'll just mosey up and chat with Guy tonight."

During visiting hours that night, Lem sauntered into Guy's room.

"Howdy, Guy, been meanin' to get up here to visit wi yuh. You're lookin' mighty chipper."

"Hi, Lem. What's all the gossip down at the post office

"Been th' dangdest things goin' on round here. Yo friend Townsend nearly bit my head off when I asked hi why he was leavin' town so sudden-like. By the way, here some of the post cards from your gal friend—I seen her town today."

"What? Where?" Young Guy turned pale and tried rise from the bed.

"Now don't be gettin' excited. I was jus testin' to see she was the gal in the case. Yes sir, guess her other b friend musta' gotten real mad at you. Why didn' yuh h him one? She's a right purty little thing—kinda skinn though. Wal, have a good rest; I gotta be gettin' home."

"A good rest—ha! Oh, what a damned mess! All becau Cathy made me promise not to tell we were married. B then I agreed because I was afraid to tell Mr. Guy Melto Sr., owner of the great mill, that my wife was one of t mill girls—and a Townsend, too. Why did old man Tow send have to be so clumsy and catch his leg in the fan belt. he had been sober it wouldn't have happened. But no! t fool yelled and screamed about how unsafe the mill was un Dad almost had to close the place down. Then on top of that, our baby was born. Townsend had a heart attack, a Cathy was afraid it would kill him to know that the fath was a Melton. Poor dear Cathy. She's really been driven w tryin' to pacify her father and Brother John. If only we h told them in the beginning. If only I had explained to Jo when he confronted me in my apartment and told me th he was going to kill me for harming his sister. But how c you reason with a madman? Good God—how will we ev explain this stinking mess now?"

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

It Happens Every Sunday Morning

Barbara Edwards

On a Sunday morning in mid-twentieth century a ring-g alarm clock, now almost exhausted, is heard in the verage American home. It is early in the morning—shortly ter nine-thirty. Mr. and Mrs. Well-Here-It-Is-Sunday-lorning-Again-So-We-Had-Better-Go-To-Church are just efore rising.

Reaching sleepily to turn off the alarm, the man of the ouse, who we shall call Conventional, yawns, stretches, en turns over. But the Mrs., better known as Social utterfly, nudges him and reminds him of the day and that order to be ready to walk into church just after the rvice has begun, they must get out of bed . . . well, in e minutes anyway.

By nine forty-five Conventional is shaving, and Butterfly struggling in the kitchen with the instant coffee and the p-up toaster. The paper is on the table, a necessity for em, but a mistake, actually, for the reading of the sports ction and the society column delays them for another lf-hour. Then comes the major catastrophe: Butterfly, ving tried on three dresses and two suits, finally is con-nced that nothing looks right on her, and she doesn't have ything to wear. She is certain that all the other women ll have on a new coat or a new hat—and she is probably ght. However, she decides on an old knitted dress, which e has worn once before, and proceeds to put on make-up, nounting to a small fortune of disguise. In the meantime, nventional has been on the telephone arranging a golf me for immediately after Sunday dinner, which they will out, of course, since Butterfly will be too tired to come me and prepare it. Conventional doesn't particularly like lf; but, after all, all the men who *are* men play golf on nday afternoon. And so shortly before eleven Butterfly erges from the bedroom in jewels and furs and perfume. r. and Mrs. Well-Here-It-Is-Sunday-Morning-Again-So e-Had-Better-Go-To-Church are ready.

As they enter the church door, they, much to their dismay, that they are not the only ones who are late. A few dozen er people also wanted to make a grand entrance. Finally, y are seated at the front of the church, and Butterfly is ntented; for if they were not seen by each member of the ngregation as they entered, they are now directly in front the choir, and all the choir members are staring at them. tterfly accordingly assumes an air of sophistication and ispers adoringly in her husband's ear. For a fleeting ment it appears as though she has fixed her eyes atten-ely on the minister, but soon she begins to look around r. Her curiosity is not completely satisfied, however, for front seat constitutes an awkward disadvantage. Never-less, she succeeds in observing critically those around and obediently, but a bit annoyingly, reports her findings her church-going companion.

The sermon begins, and Conventional and Butterfly shift itions alternately. She opens her purse, withdraws a per-ned handkerchief, and carefully sniffles into it. Conven-nal coughs. Butterfly seems to be too warm; so Conven-nal helps her off with her wrap. They settle back, and ce again her eyes wander, coming back to rest momentarily the minister. A glance at her watch tells her that he uld be through in a few more minutes. She begins to nk of what she will wear to the dessert-bridge on Tues-day. Conventional, meanwhile, has planned his whole after-noon, hoping to outscore his golf companions.

As they leave, they shake hands with the minister and tell him how much they enjoyed his excellent sermon; then they assemble with some of their friends outside the church. Yes, they assured their friends, they would be there next Sunday. Why, they couldn't remember when they had missed going to church—it wouldn't seem like Sunday unless they went.

At Sea

Carolyn LeGette

I am becalmed and restless, far from shore.
Interminable sea, here as before
I fail. Though often fancied land
Appears to taunt me, 'tis but ardour fanned.

Eternal mysteries—will they yield to me?
Forsaken truths—would they set me free?
He would deny me reason—he
Who chose a rosy, silken fallacy!

Give me years only; let me for a time,
Engulfed in beauty, revel in the prime
Of life and—driven voyage surceased—
Ravish such pause, the while my senses feast.

Consolation

Barbara Edwards

The wind is warm tonight, the moon cloudless, the sea calm,
Caressing each thirsty strand that awaits its tide;
Quiet, quivering, as it recedes and hesitates
Before it swirls softly, then subsides.
I lift my face to feel the spray
And close my eyes so that they too
May know the joy, the peace that comes with the gentle moisture,
Welcomed by a feverish face and a troubled mind.
As the sand is kissed by mist and sea and spray,
My heart is soothed by thoughts of yesterday.

Sonnet To A Poet

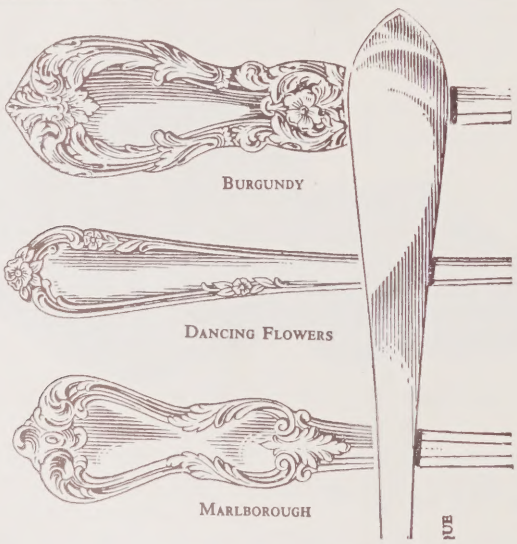
Marjorie Blankenship

No crown of laurel claimed the poet's brow;
His lofty mind in one triumphant span
With mystic beauty clothed the rustic plow
And laid a sceptre at the foot of man.
A faithless world, his highest vision fought;
And flying wings that scaled the purest air
Soon fell to brush the dust of mortal thought
That felt no conscience in his quick despair.
Man rarely feels his God's immortal breath
Transform to life our passing human age;
A bag of silver bought our Saviour's death,
And bitter hemlock chilled the ancient sage.
In nature's soul, beneath an alien sod,
The poet sleeps and shares his dream with God.

Saturday Night

Gloria Dowd

Idle words of meaningless chatter,
Like "I don't mind" or "doesn't matter,"
I shame myself and say they're trite—
That everything will be all right,
That happiness comes as cast stones lie,
And others are the same as I.
I hopefully offer up my prayer
That the burden of my age must bear:
If there be a night that I am ignored
Must it be Saturday night, O Lord?



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